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THE LAST ROLL CALL.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

Rest, ye sons of deathless glory,
Of the sunny South and North!
Ah, your deeds shall light the story
Why ye poured your life's blood forth!

Yes, ye drained it in the battle,
In the ranks of Gray and Blue—
Where the frowning cannons rattle,
There ye died, both brave and true.

Ah, we shall not ask your story,
If by Grant or Lee ye bled;
Nor seek the cause in fields all gory,
The reason Blue 'gainst Gray was led.

And the sweetest of all flowers
On your honored dust we lay,
Is that good-will white-robed Peace show'rs—
Oh, may it never know decay.

Now one flag—and what flag grander?—
Floats above your cherished clay,
Until the great and chief Commander
Bids you come forth on Judgment Day.

Then may angels near you hover,
A matchless escort to the sky—
There, the last great roll-call over,
To join the armied ranks on high.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"WELL, Mrs. Darkwood," observed Aurora, in her old straightforward manner and with her old friendly smile, "this is a pretty state of affairs—you would be shocked, I suppose, if I called it 'a rum kettle of fish'?—upon my word it is! I never was more sorry in my life than when I heard of the miserable split between you and Mr. Darkwood. I do sincerely trust however," added the girl earnestly, "that things are not past mending? Do not tell me that."

"They are wholly past mending," I answered in a gloomy and an emphatic tone. "What does my husband say of me? Let me hear, please, Aurora."

For some seconds she was silent, staring at the fender.

"Well," she said at last, "of course what he says now—and—and perhaps it is hardly to be wondered at—he says under a sense of—I won't call it injury, but anger and intense annoyance——"

"Whatever he says," I put in bitterly, "depend upon it, he means. No one knows him better than I; you may believe that, Aurora. Come—tell me, will you? Does he swear that he will find me and force me to return to him?"

"On the contrary," replied the girl frankly, but laughing with some constraint, as she took from the mantelpiece a small Japanese hand-screen and held it between her face and the fire, "he says that—that you may go to the deuce for aught he cares—if you want plain speaking, Mrs. Darkwood. But, as I remarked just now, it's his temper of course. Men are such odd creatures, and at times such brutes! All the same, I am sure that he doesn't really mean it."

"Oh, yes," said I quietly, "that is precisely what he does mean! If he did not mean it, he would not say it. And I am glad to hear it—very glad indeed."

"Glad, Mrs. Darkwood?" echoed Aurora. "Oh, no?"

"Yes—heartily, positively glad; for now I know what to expect, and am not afraid. I shall feel more at ease—more secure, as it were—now I am certain that I can go my own way, and that he will not molest me. We are best apart—my husband and I—for ever apart. This separation was inevitable. For a long while past I have foreseen that it must happen; and it is entirely his own fault, not mine."

"H'm! Of course you best understand your own affairs," said Aurora slowly and kindly.

She had taken off her outdoor things and had drawn her chair near to the fire. She looked very handsome and very well, as she sat there opposite to me, thoughtfully playing with the trumpery hand-screen, and with her neatly-shod feet upon the fender. Her fair hair was arranged in a new and somewhat eccentric style, but it was a style that was admirably suited to her healthy, bright good looks. Isla I had sent down-stairs to "help Mrs. Sadler to make the tea;" for Miss de Vere, with a queer smile, had suggested that "little pitchers have long ears."

Meanwhile Aurora chatted on leisurely, and I heard a good deal that was news to me about Daryl. Oh, yes, said Miss de Vere, he was back again with them—the Ramages—at Chesterfield Avenue—in fact; he had quickly followed them home from Thangate; but Mr. Eversleigh—with, I felt, a furtive glance across at me—never now came to the house! She believed—her mother said so—that the two men had quarrelled, and were no longer intimate. Aurora herself thought that it was far from unlikely, but was not at all certain upon the point. Latterly, said the girl, a horrid foreigner, a German, Herr von Rosenberg by name—her mother always called him the Baron—had been much in the society of Daryl. Indeed, he and this Herr von Rosenberg appeared to be inseparable friends; and the Baron was for ever coming—just as Mr. Eversleigh used to do, only there was a difference—to their house in Chesterfield Avenue. They were always card-playing, and got very tipsy sometimes, the Germon not infrequently being "taken home" in a cab, for the simple reason that he was unable to walk a step. On these ultra-disgraceful occasions Mrs. Ramage it would seem, had noticed that "the Captain" himself remained perfectly sober, or nearly so. The Ramages thought this odd; but I understood.

"To speak the truth," said Aurora frankly, "if my mother were not so absurdly fond of your husband, Mrs. Darkwood (she says she loves him like a son; takes his part against you, there is no doubt; and nobody understands better than he how to get the blind side of her), I should beg her to request him to find lodgings elsewhere for the accommodation of himself and his friends. The place is unbearable with their everlasting drinking and cards; and that shock-headed German fellow smokes like—like a chimney!"

"I know he does," I threw in, with a shudder. "We knew him abroad. For many reasons I used to detest the man?"

"I hate him!" said Aurora with energy. "There is, to my thinking, something downright abominable about the wretch. The other day he snatched me into his arms—we happened to meet upon the stairs—and kissed me before I had a chance to stop him. But, on my word, Mrs. Darkwood, I gave him such a ringing slap on the face directly afterwards that I fancy he won't forget it just yet, nor be in a hurry to try it on again!"

I smiled involuntarily.

"Nothing that you can tell me about Herr von Rosenberg would astonish me, Aurora," said I. And then I inquired quite steadily if she knew whether Mr. Eversleigh was in town or out of it.

She eyed me in a rather curious and puzzled manner.

"Mrs. Darkwood, do you mean to say that you too have seen nothing of Mr. Eversleigh lately?"

"Certainly I have not seen him since we—Isla and I—left Thangate," I replied coldly.

"And he does not know where you are even?"

"Certainly he does not know where I am"—my tone, I believe, unconsciously haughty. "How should he?"

Aurora shrugged her firm square shoulders.

"It is a queer state state of affairs," she said slowly; adding, after a slight pause, "Are you sure, Mrs. Darkwook, that jealously had nothing to do with it all?"

"Jealousy!" I echoed. "Jealousy on my husband's part, do you mean?"

"Yes," answered the girl boldly. "He was jealous perhaps of Mr. Eversleigh."

I laughed scornfully.

"My dear Aurora, your notion of the matter is too ridiculous! My husband has long since ceased to care a straw for me; he never really cared for the child—indeed I am convinced that he always looked upon Isla more in the light of a nuisance than anything else. Men like Daryl never really lovechildren. He may have feigned a jealous humor—I do not know, nor do I care now—tried to act the jealous husband; but that was absurd in the face of the truth; for Heaven knows I never was weak or wicked enough to give him the slightest excuse for assuming such a role. I grant you that he—he did openly accuse me of—of—well, of possessing a conscience as facile as his own, a knowledge of circumstances as evil as his own. But I am innocent, Aurora—I swear it! Never for an instant did I dream," said I passionately, "that—that——" I checked myself. My indignation was hurrying me into unwise speech. "No," I said more quietly; "Daryl Darkwood wanted to be rid of me; he literally drove me from him, not without blows and horrid language; and he has succeeded perfectly in his aim. I feel that I would rather die, Aurora, than ever go back to him. He has treated me shamefully!"

"I think it is a pity," she answered gravely, "that Mr. Eversleigh should be in ignorance of your hiding-place. He is so true a gentleman that he might, if you would only let him hear——"

I held up my hand. It shook a little.

"You go from the point. We were not speaking of Mr. Eversleigh—he is nothing to me," I interrupted as gently as I could, yet conscious as I spoke of a dull pain, born perhaps of yearning and regret, fluttering in my bosom. "Daryl and Daryl's friends are alike dead to me now."

"Ah, well, as I observed a minute ago," mused Miss de Vere aloud, "you best comprehend your own affairs, Mrs. Darkwood; and it is always a foolish thing to interfere in any way between husband and wife!"

"That is true," said I, in a low sad voice.

Here Mrs. Sadler and Isla appeared together, the former bringing with her the tea-pot, a jug of steaming water, and a covered plate of muffins and crumpets; Isla, in her wee shy fashion, clinging to Mrs. Sadler's rusty black skirt. Miss de Vere had brought the child a present in the shape of a smart new doll; and the doll, flaxen head downward, was now being hugged to Isla's breast.

"Come here, my pet," cried Aurora, deftly whisking Isla on to her knee. "What a feather-weight it is, to be sure! Now that the lamp is lighted, let me have a good look at you. Why, what have you done with your Thangate roses?"

"I don't know," said Isla softly.

"I hope you do not think that—that she is looking delicate?" I hastened to say.

"Oh, no," Aurora was quick to reply—"not more so than usual! But the Thangate breezes blew some color into her cheeks, and the London fogs, I suppose, have managed to rob them of it, that is all!"

"It is considered very healthy just hereabout—for—for London, you know," said I anxiously.

"Oh, a lot healthier than Shepherd's Bush; isn't it, Isla?" said Aurora, laughing and kissing the child heartily before she set her upon her feet again.

When tea was over, I told Isla once more that she had better run along down-stairs—if the landlady would be kind enough to have her in the kitchen—this time "to help Mrs. Sadler to wash up the tea-things." And the little one, ever docile and obedient, trotted off contentedly with her doll.

In answer to my earnest interrogation—already, I think, in a different manner, three or four times repeated—Aurora assured me most emphatically that no living soul save herself was aware that she had on that afternoon driven over to Primrose Hill.

"Not even your mother? You have not told her?" I said nervously. As circumstances were at present, I was far from desirous, much as I liked and respected her, to see Mrs. Ramage in Bentham Street; though I was sincerely pleased and truly thankful to see her daughter there.

"My mother, good soul—indeed, not her! One might as well at once print a secret in the agony column of a newspaper. Why, Mrs. Darkwood, cannot you trust me?" said Aurora, with a hurt look. "You asked me to keep to myself the fact of your having written to me, of your having told me where you were; and, do believe me, the confidence you have been good enough to place in me could not be more thoroughly respected than it is."

"Thank you," I murmured a trifle wearily. "I am ungrateful and mean to doubt you. You have been so very, very kind to me—a true friend!"

"Pooh!" said Miss de Vere. Then she, in her own matter-of-fact manner, went on to inquire whether I and the child were not in want of the divers articles of apparel that we had left behind us at Thangate? How on earth had we managed? The clothes were quite safe, Aurora said; for Daryl, it appeared, had gone straightway to Mrs. Ramage, and had asked her to have the friendliness to look after and to pack up everything that belonged to me and Isla. He did not understand the job, he said, and he wanted "the litter" collected and got out of the way directly.

Of course Mrs. Ramage promptly obliged him, and had ever since taken care of the yellow tin trunks which contained Isla's belongings and mine. I confessed to Aurora that I had been somewhat in a quandary for the want of the luggage, but that, with economy in other directions, I had been able to buy sundry necessaries both for Isla and for myself. We had rubbed along somehow.

"Nevertheless," said Miss de Vere briskly, "if you don't mean to return to Chesterfield Avenue—and that, it seems, is to be the programme—you would naturally like to have with you here all that belongs to yourself and to the child—would you not?"

I said that indeed I should, but that I could not yet perceive how it was to be accomplished.

"Leave it to me," said Miss de Vere. "I will manage it, Mrs. Darkwood."

"But pray do not forget your mother," I put in doubtfully. "Not for the world would I have her learn——"

"Oh, I will manage her too!" said Aurora confidently. "Do not fear."

I thanked her warmly for her sympathy and goodwill; and now the moment was come for me to broach a far more serious matter. So in a few words I informed Aurora that—supposing Mr. Binkworthy were still in the same mind about offering

me an engagement—I had resolved to sing for him at his theatre of varieties.

Miss de Vere was genuinely astonished. She said so; and she looked so. Evidently this was the first she had heard of the proposal the manager had made to me.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed she. "And you mean to say, Mrs. Darkwood, that you will actually do it—will sing for Binkworthy at the Levity?"

"Yes; my mind is made up. I want money badly."

For some seconds Aurora kept quiet, pondering my determination.

"I am afraid—I am very much afraid, Mrs. Darkwood dear, that—that you will not at all like it," said she vaguely at last, with a kind and rather troubled glance at my face.

"That cannot be helped," I answered doggedly. "I shall not be the first woman by a good many who has had to do work that she loathed."

"But—but is there no other way in which you can earn money?" said Miss de Vere. "Surely yes?"

"There is no other way in which I can get money so easily, or that would leave me so free in the day—no other work for which I should be so liberally paid; I have thought of everything. Mr. Binkworthy offered me twenty-five pounds a week to begin with; that was, to sing three ballads for him on each evening of the week, but for nobody else in London."

"H'm—that is pretty good for a new hand, you know," observed Aurora reflectively. "But then it isn't one novice in a thousand that is blessed with such a lovely trained voice as yours."

"But I little conceived that the dark day was so near when I should be glad to reconsider Mr. Binkworthy's strange offer," I said in an absent and a bitter tone, my thoughts going back vividly to that evening of Mrs. Ramage's Thangate festival, when the manager of the Levity had come out to me upon the balcony, suggesting that so fine and cultivated a voice as mine should be turned to substantial account.

"Of course you will not sing under your own name?" said Aurora slowly.

"No; I thought of calling myself Madame Fleurette. I know a number of chansonnettes that may come in handy for a change occasionally—for an encore perhaps—and an average British audience, looking very wise, will always flock to hear and listen respectfully to what it does not understand."

"And is 'Fleurette,' then, the French word for 'Flower?'" inquired Aurora curiously.

"Not exactly. The name would suit Isla better than me; but it will serve. And no one will dream that it I—Daryl Darkwood's wife—who, as Madame Fleurette, am singing ballads nightly at the Levity theatre of varieties."

"Ah, but your friends, my dear Mrs. Darkwood," said Aurora gravely—"and I know the life; you do not—what will they say to this step you contemplate? How will they take it?"

"Friends—what friends? I have no friends now—except you, Aurora," replied I, with a dreary smile.

"Pardon me, I know better than that," replied the girl simply and earnestly. "There is——"

"My husband now does not care for theatres, whatever his taste in that way may have been when he was younger—never of his own accord troubles to enter a place of the kind," I interrupted hurriedly, and perhaps somewhat at random. "He will not interfere with me. There is no one else. You have given me your word—and I trust you fully—that you will keep my secret. I shall likewise insist upon a promise of secrecy from Mr. Binkworthy before—before I come to any sort of an arrangement with him. For the future, to Mr. Binkworthy, should he still be willing to employ me, I shall be Madame Fleurette—never Mrs. Darkwood."

Aurora could be very daring when she chose. So, in her quietest and most deliberative fashion, she said—

"Now let us suppose some night that Mr. Eversligh should stroll into a stall at the Levity, and should recognise you—you, of all people—facing the bold glare of the footlights. How then, Madame Fleurette?" And, so saying, she laughed pleasantly, if a little mischievously.

I, I believe, winced palpably. This time however there was no evading a direct reply.

"It would—it could make no difference. Why should it?" I said, in a nervous haste. "If my husband—my lawful protector—casts me adrift, surely I am at perfect liberty to earn my living in whatever manner suits me best? It may be this—it may be that. It is no business of his—of Mr. Eversleigh's—no one has a right to object." Resolutely I turned the current of the talk. "If," said I wistfully, "I should be engaged to sing at the Levity, we shall meet there, Aurora, every evening, shall we not? That, at any rate, will be something consolatory to look forward to."

Then a bright dimpling smile broke over Aurora's face, and a sudden blush suffused it.

"Oh, yes, we are pretty safe to meet, Mrs. Darkwood; and that will indeed be delightful! I am generally at the theatre soon after nine o'clock," she said. "But you must know," added Aurora, nodding gaily, "I shall shortly, in a few weeks or so, be leaving the stage—giving it up for good, Lord Tracy, you see, wishes it; and of course it is my duty to humor his lordship. We are to be married in February, at the latest."

My heart sank. Mr. Binkworthy's theatre without Aurora would be for me a terrible place, I was thinking! The fact of her being a member of his company—a friend there whose help and whose sensible advice I, in a difficult and strange position, might at any time safely reckon upon—had materially, I fancy, affected my decision with regard to the manager and his offer.

Well, there was no help for it. My hand once put to the plough, there would be no turning back. The battle of life must be manfully faced—ay, faced even alone—and fought without quailing to the bitter end.

The cheap wooden clock upon the mantelpiece of my sitting-room tinkled out the hour of eight in swift, shrill strokes, after the manner of cheap wooden clocks; and Miss de Vere sprang up from the fireside, avowing that she had no idea it had grown so late. She must be going.

She had promised to meet Lord Tracy at the Cafe Reine in Regent street, whence, as he usually did, he would drive her in his brougham to the Levity, where, like a good and dutiful young man in love, he invariably waited in a stage-box until Miss de Vere had "done her turn."

"Loftus will be in a fume"—"Loftus" was the first of the young Viscount's Christian names; he had, at baptism, been given half a dozen—"if I am not punctual," said Aurora, as she went into the bed-room to get her handsome wraps. "He's the most impatient young man alive when he is obliged to wait for me," added she.

"I consider him a very fortunate young man to get you at all," said I warmly.

"The Countess of Starch, I hear, holds a vastly different opinion," remarked Aurora with a laugh of real merriment. "She goes about groaning and telling everybody she knows in town and in the country that she will assuredly die of a broken heart—and Loftus says his mother is as strong as a cart-horse, and has never known an hour's illness in his recollection—on the day that her son marries 'that creature from the music halls.' That's me, you know. But hearts are not broken quite so easily, Mrs. Darkwood; are they?"

"Ah, no," said I gently. "One's heart, I am inclined to believe, is the toughest part about one."

We heard Isla climbing the kitchen stairs to say good-bye to Miss de Vere. Aurora turned abruptly to me, her color rising brilliantly. She put her hands upon my shoulders, and whispered hurriedly—

"Don't be angry, Mrs. Darkwood, please—please don't feel angry and offended with me—but I must, even at the risk of seeming impertinent, say something before I go. You have told me that you are in want of money. That must not be. I can very well spare a ten pound note—two if you want them. So take them, please, and repay me just whenever you can best afford to do it. Do!"

I kissed her—with difficulty keeping back my tears.

"You are too good—you are too good," I murmured. "But I have enough for the present. I can manage; and—and I would rather not. Forgive me, dear Aurora; I would indeed rather not."

"I should be so happy if you would," said she; and she meant it.

"No, no, no; I cannot! Thank you, and Heaven bless you, all the same," was my earnest, tearful reply. Her true warm-heartedness touched me keenly.

Then Isla came in with her doll; and Miss de Vere turned brightly to the little child.

I pressed Aurora to take another glass of wine and a second piece of the Bristol cake; but she excused herself upon the plea that she would be compelled to join Lord Tracy in some "coffee or something" when she should meet him by-and-by at the Cafe Reine.

"Good-bye, my pet," she said to Isla.

Mrs. Sadler had run around the corner and fetched a hansom for Miss de Vere. "I shall see you and mamma again very soon, I have no doubt. In the meantime, little woman," added Aurora playfully, "try to get back your Thangate roses. Mind, I shall quite expect to see them in full bloom the very next time I come."

"What are Thangate roses, mamma?" asked the child wonderingly, when Aurora had driven away.

"They are not white, my dearest. They are bright, beautiful red ones; and—and they mean health and strength," I answered miserably, holding the dear little thin hand against my throat.

"But I like white ones—white flowers—best, mamma," said Isla with a serious and puzzled air.

And that night I dreamed restlessly of the dead-white roses that now bloomed so wanly in my darling's cheeks.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WITHIN the next few days three or four circumstances came to pass which I can very distinctly recall to mind, and which I therefore think are worth chronicling in this eventful history.

My trunk had arrived from Chesterfield Avenue, having been carefully forwarded by Miss de Vere. I had hired a piano from a neighboring music-shop, where I had also bought clean copies of the numerous best-known ballads I could sing. Indefatigable practice must be now an absolute rule; for a singer who would sing successfully must cherish her voice, I knew—cherish it, and yet exercise it rigorously and patiently.

Then Mrs. Sadler was considerably more cheerful than it was her habit to be; and consequently it was more pleasant and less depressing to have anything to do with her. In her dull tired way she rejoiced exceedingly, for after its remaining untenanted for many months gone by—and she was now "full,'" as she expressed it—she had at last succeeded in again letting her attic-floor—two dim small rooms at the top of the house, the rent of which was not more than seven shillings a week.

"For, you see," said Mrs. Sadler, in an apologetic manner, "they slant a bit and are rather low; and there's no grate in the back room, and not much of one in the front; and so you can't with a good conscience, ask more, when the chimbly smokes frightful in the east wind."

"And who is your new lodger, Mrs. Sadler?" I inquired, wishing to be sympathetic.

"Well, ma'am, his name's Jones; and he looks like a pore broken-down old gent as has known better days—I may say like me. He is very shabby to look at, and seems very shy; but he's nice and quiet-spoken when he does speak, and promises that I may rest satisfied that he'll pay up regular—and that of course is something. And so, as he gives hardly any trouble worth mentioning, and gets what meals he has out of the house, not counting his breakfast, I'm sure I oughtn't to complain."

And gradually we got to speak of the shadowy and inoffensive old gentleman at the top of the house as "old Mr. Jones"—always as "old Mr. Jones," I myself had not once yet encountered the new lodger; but Isla, trotting hither and thither indoors, had already, in her coy way, made friends with old Mr. Jones.

One day, as I sat at the piano, she crept to my side, holding out a box of chocolate-creams.

"Look, manma! He gave me these," said she. "Isn't he kind?

"Who gave them to you, Isla?" I asked in surprise; for it was a large handsome box, bearing upon the lid of it a name that in itself was a guarantee of excellence, and must have cost at the least two shillings or half-a-crown.

"Old Mr. Jones mamma," answered the child.

"Strange!" I muttered—quite believing that the old gentleman at the top of the house could ill afford to throw away his money in this extravagant fashion. Perhaps he was not so poor as Mrs. Sadler imagined; or perhaps he was a miser, though fond of little children.

"Mr. Eversleigh," remarked Isla wistfully, lovingly gazing into the pretty oval box, with its edgings of dainty paper-lace and layers of big luscious brown sweetmeats, "used to give me chocolate-creams—just like these. Didn't he mamma? I wonder——"

"Yes, yes, dear," I said hastily. "But you must be quiet now. Sit down upon the hassock by the fire, Isla; mamma is going to sing, and cannot be interrupted at this moment, dear."

By this date everything with regard to my new career was satisfactorily settled with Mr. Binkworthy. I was to make my first appearance—"my first appearance on any stage"—at the Levity theatre at the beginning of the coming week. At our initial interview the manager was radiant, took no pains to conceal his delight—was, in fact, too, so to speak, bursting with curiosity.

But I checked at once all inquiries that were not strictly pertinent; said exactly what I wanted to say; and emphatically gave Mr. Binkworthy to understand that all questions irrelevent to the purpose of our visit to him were—not only then, but thenceforward—to be kept in the background. I was mistress of the situation, I could perceive.

"Let us get to the point, Mr. Binkworthy, if you please," I said quietly. "Surely you can comprehend the state of affairs? I and my husband have parted. He for the future goes his way; I go mine. It is necessary for me to work for myself and my child. Therefore, remembering what you said to me at Thangate, I have come, in a hard strait, to you."

"And nobody in London or out of it could be welcomer, Mrs. Darkw—I beg pardon—Madame Fleurette," said the manager, with something curiously like a wink at me. He was in great good-humor over his own victory and my capitulation, and alternately rattled the money in his pockets and jingled his prodigious watch-chain and locket, with a thoroughly well-to-do and self-satisfied air. "And how about those pretty and high-sounding, notions of yours, madame, as to women a-going on the stage—eh? Is that it?" added Mr. Binkworthy's with a sudden and bewildering flight into "French."

"My opinion upon the subject remains unchanged," I replied coldly. "It is true that I have consented to sing for you at the Levity, three songs on each evening, and occasionally at a matinee on Saturday, for a salary of twenty-five pounds a week. But, at the same time, be good enough to recollect that it is 'my poverty,' and not 'my will,' which consents."

"And I'll give you a rise at the end of a month or so, if you take, and take well, with my audience, Mrs. Dar—Madame Fleurette," put in the manager eagerly.

"Thank you. By-the-bye, I should feel much obliged if you would always, now, remember to call me Madame Fleurette. I don't wish my real name to be in every one's mouth here at your theatre, Mr. Binkworthy."

"I will remember, madam," said the manager, with his finest bow. "Of course I shall want you to sign an agreement—it's a mere matter o' form—but that I'll send to you in a day or two."

So the business was settled, and I returned home, wondering heavily how I should ever find the courage to face the ordeal that was in store for me.

At present I could not realize what I had done. I felt almost like a woman who had "signed away her soul." Even when Miss de Vere looked in one morning to tell me that my stage name, in scarlet letters a foot long, was flaming upon the boards outside the Levity doors, I somehow could not feel that the dreaded hour was drawing horribly near.

Nevertheless, with the utmost diligence, regularly every day when breakfast was over did I set to work to practice my songs and chansonnettes, common sense telling me that there was now no escape from the course I had elected to pursue—it was too late. There was no turning back.

"Oh, by the way," said Aurora that morning, "I met such a singular but courteous old gentleman upon the door-step! We came in together, and he shuffled on up-stairs. I never before saw such a sad and shadowy-looking old gentleman. Who is he, Mrs. Darkwood, do you know?"

I told Aurora about the tenant in the attics—how poor he seemed, and yet how kind-hearted—this new odd lodger of Mrs. Sadler's, with his two dim little rooms under the roof.

"It is only old Mr. Jones," said I.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IT had to be; and it came.

The night of my debut arrived all too swiftly; and the memory of it is a memory that will never die—at least, so long as life shall last for me, until pleasure and pain alike for me shall be no more.

On the memorable night I put Isla early to bed—for, luckily, the child seemed sleepy and tired—and I asked Mrs. Sadler to be good enough in my absence to step now and again into the bed-room to peep at her whilst she was asleep. And then I dressed myself in a plain black gown—one of the plainest and severest-looking I possessed—adorned but niggardly with real white lace at the throat and wrists, and

sat down by Isla's cot to wait for Miss de Vere. It had been arranged between us that Aurora should drive over in a cab and call for me—it was her own kind suggestion, in the first instance—in order that we might go down to the Levity together.

"And will you be going out like this every evening, mamma?" Isla had inquired wistfully after tea.

"Yes, my darling," I had answered as cheerfully as I could—"every evening. It is—it is necessary, Isla. It must be done, dear. You shall learn the meaning of the word 'duty' by-and-by, when you are older, Isla. It is a very stern and cruel word sometimes. But—but my little girl does not—does not mind mamma's going, does she?"

"No, I do not mind, mamma," said the little soul bravely.

"Besides, I—I shall not be long away, dear, and you will not be alone, you know, Mrs. Sadler will be at home; and—and ——"

"And old Mr. Jones?" put in Isla, brightening.

"Yes, old Mr. Jones," said I, smiling. "He I dare say, will be at home too. He generally is of an evening."

"I like old Mr. Jones," said Isla thoughtfully. "Don't you, mamma?"

"Very much, Isla. He is, I think, a —a very nice old gentleman—and a remarkably odd old gentleman, into the bargain," I added to myself.

Isla and old Mr. Jones, who lived his solitary life in the two small attics under the roof, had becomes fast friends. He was continually giving her sweetmeats and other presents, and promising her all sorts of wonderful things "when his ship came home." On two occasions he had given her a really handsome top. Much as it troubled me to think that he should do this—feeling certain that the shabby old gentleman was too poor in pocket to afford such a lavish indulgence of his whims—I was quite at a loss to know how to put a stop to it. And so it went on. And of course Isla herself did not mind; and one day indeed, when he gently asked for it, she actually gave him a kiss!

He was always however strangely chary of speaking to me. Nothing beyond "Good morning," "Good afternoon," or "Good evening," muttered hurriedly on his part, had ever past between us. If we met in the passage or upon the door-step, he seemed all at once to grow singularly shy and nervous, half frightened, in fact, lest I should be bent upon drawing him into conversation. And yet, on the other hand, it certainly did not appear that he made the least effort to avoid me, for we were certainly meeting in the chance manner I have described. I tried once, encountering him in the passage, to thank him for his kindness to my little daughter, intending should he give me only the opportunity, to say something about his having already been too good, that his generosity must be taxed no further, and that I could not possibly allow the child to accept anything more from him, because, as it was, he had given her a great deal too much. But it was of no use. Before I could utter a word on the matter, he had managed, but without rudeness, to shuffle past me, muttering something I could not catch and shaking his head deprecatingly; and so, leaving me staring after him, he vanished up the dingy staircase to his rooms at the top of the house.

And on the very next day he found Isla in the kitchen and gave her a larger box than ever of chocolate-creams! Certainly he was a mysterious old gentleman, this old Mr. Jones, thought I.

At half-past eight o'clock Aurora Ramage arrived, beautifully dressed in the palest of maize-colored satin, with a crimson girdle, and a lovely fan attached to it, around her waist, and a mass of living crimson flowers garlanding her left shoulder and breast. A single diamond star burned in her fair hair. With a comical smile she glanced at my severe attire, and said—

"You are not very smart, Madame Fleurette!"

"I did not mean to be smart, Aurora. I told you I should wear a black gown. I shall always wear black when I sing on the stage."

"H'm—that will be a change for 'em," laughed Aurora—"at all events, at the Levity."

"If they do not like it, I cannot help it. Perhaps they will hiss me," said I.

"Oh, you would go down—never fear," said the girl frankly, if you chose to sing in a sack! We don't often, believe me, get such a voice, together with such a face and style, as yours, Mrs. Darkwood, at our theatre of varieties. Binkworthy knows that—nobody better—and he will say nothing, you may be sure, whatever he may think."

She made me, before starting, drink a glass of wine, and blithely tossed off one herself; and soon we were rolling away from the neighborhood of Primrose Hill and Regent's Park, and had got into the Marylebone Road.

A sudden cold thought struck me.

"Lord Tracy will be there to-night!" I exclaimed.

"At the theatre? Of course he will," replied Aurora equably.

"And to-morrow he will be going all over London and telling everybody he knows that in Madame Fleurette, the new ballad-singer at the Levity, he has recognized Daryl Darkwood's wife."

In the lamp-lit gloom of the cab I gazed helplessly at Aurora.

"Oh, no he won't," replied she calmly. "He'll do exactly as I tell him—he always does."

"Has he no idea who Madame Fleurette is?"

"At the present moment no more than my mother, who also knows that Binkworthy has a new singer coming out at his theatre to-night. But have no fear of my mother's tongue, Mrs. Darkwood, she'll not be there to see you; she is too busy at home."

I sighed with relief.

"She used to come and hear me when I first took to the stage," continued Aurora; "but latterly she has had no time for it—with a houseful of lodgers, you see."

Aurora chatted on lightly, good-naturedly desirous to hinder my thoughts from dwelling too nervously upon that evening's trial, expecting—and in truth getting but poor replies from me.

Notwithstanding, I was sincerely grateful to her for her efforts to alleviate the feverish anxiety of my mind. I quite believe that, had it not been for Aurora, I should have been downright ill with apprehension.

The three songs I had chosen for this, the night of my "debut," were—"it was a Dream," "Ruby," and "Auld Robin Gray." To the last named of the three—as Mr. Binkworthy desired it—I was to play my own accompaniment upon the stage grand piano.

The rehearsal I had attended had been a very informal affair, for the Levity orchestra was a capital one of its kind, and the pianist of it was a true musician. Such accompaniments as mine were of course mere child's play.

The cab stopped; we had arrived at the stage-door.

"Cheer up!" said Aurora merrily.

Mr. Binkworthy was awaiting us in the dim whitewashed passage, and took us at once to his own sanctum. I was nervous—I own it—horribly nervous.

The manager himself was fussily so, fearful at the eleventh hour of his "debutante's pluck," as he called it—lest, after all his preliminary puffing and big posters, she should fail to create the sensation he had predicted.

I have a hazy recollection of many strange faces peeping at us curiously from unexpected corners, of scantily clad forms flitting hither and thither, of carpenters in shirt sleeves, of a good deal of noise, and of the band playing somewhere or other in a muffled sort of way. Soon I heard a woman say, in coarse excited accents—

"That's her!"

And another responded quickly with—"Oh—so she's come with Miss de Vere."

"The Viscountess Stuck-up, you mean," venomously said the person who had said, "That's her."

Once in his room, the stout manager waxed profuse in his hospitable suggestions, and was pouring out glasses of champagne before we could stay his hand. Aurora, with relish, was just sipping hers, when a sharp rap came upon the door. It opened a couple of inches, and a youthful voice rang out—

"Miss de Vere!"

"My turn," observed Aurora, rising briskly and picking up her handsome yellow train. But before she quitted the manager's room, she stooped and kissed my hair. "Be brave," whispered she—"for Isla's sake."

And to those few cheery and timely words of encouragement, all quickly spoken as they were, was solely due the great success that I achieved at the Levity that night. Without Aurora I well know now that I could never have done what I did.

"I thought that it would be safest as you should take your turn immediately after Miss de Vere," I heard, as in a dream, Mr. Binkworthy saying to me; "because that girl has got the knack of always putting an audience into the best of humors. A wonderful clever one, and no mistake, is Miss Aurora de Vere—as true as steel, and no humbug about her, as I daresay you've found out for yourself. And so if you go on and follow her, it will, I fancy, be all the better for you, Madame Fleurette—d'ye see?"

"Yes, thank you," I answered him faintly.

He went on talking in a nervous, fidgety fashion, drinking several glasses of champagne meanwhile—I, if I replied at all, replying at random; until the door again opening, in swept Aurora, flushed and radiant, having been genuinely encored in a new comic song.

"Madame Fleurette!"

It was the sharp voice of the dreadful call-boy outside the manager's door.

Aurora was very warm. The house was densely packed, she said, and suffocatingly hot. She caught up a soft white wrap that she had brought with her, and deftly flung it around her neck.

"I am coming to the wings," she whispered. "Remember, be brave—for the child's sake."

I seized her hand and pressed it tremulously. Speak I could not just then. And so we all three went out together, Mr. Binkworthy leading the way.

Ten minutes later I stood upon the stage alone.

Again my recollections become blurred and hazy. I am the central figure in a vision, as it were.

Dimly, by fancy's aid, I can see again the interior of the great horse-shoe-shaped building, with the myriad eyes of the multitude which filled it to the roof turned with simultaneous curiosity upon me—upon me as I stood alone there before them, pale as wan death itself, in my plain black gown, with a sheet of music quivering in my hand.

Staring upward at me immediately below the footlights, there were rows of men and women lounging in the comfortable-looking red-velvet covered seats. The men were smoking; both men and women were drinking; whilst waiters, with bottles and glasses on trays, went nimbly hurrying to and fro.

At a table in the middle of the theatre sat a man with what looked like an auctioneer's hammer in his hand. He, I was afterwards told, was the well-known and popular "chairman" of the Levity; the expression however was then Greek to me.

From the private boxes above the stalls—narrow, dark apartments, with tawdry decorations and dirty limp muslin curtains—lorgnettes were levelled pitilessly at the pale trembling women upon the stage.

The instant I appeared a great silence seemed to fall upon the theatre—no buzzing, no murmur, no stir of any kind. The chairman rapped smartly upon his table, inviting, I imagined, the applause which he reckoned might give me confidence. But his hammer wrapped in vain; no hand was raised to bid me welcome.

I was a novice; I might be a rara avis; but I was unknown. I was an English woman with a Frenchified name; I was going to sing them some English songs—perhaps French ones as well.

But nobody present as yet knew whether I was worth hearing or not; they had only Mr. Binkworthy's word for it, and they meant to judge for themselves.

It was clear that I had yet to win my way into the affections of a Levity audience; and they liked a good article for their money, or would have none of it.

It was thus that I interpreted—and interpreted aright—the cold, respectful silence of the huge crowded house.

The prelude, the opening bars—those few plaintive familiar minor notes—of Virginia Gabriel's dear melancholy song rose up from violin and piano in the orchestra and clave the stifling atmosphere of the hushed and listening theatre.

The hour was indeed come.

I thought of my darling; I prayed for strength—prayed for it in a swift mute wild fashion that was a kind of agony; and then my voice obeyed me, and I sang the song of "Ruby" as I had never sang it in my life before.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE Earl of Carnarvon, at a banquet, in proposing "the health of the clergy," said that "in these days clergymen were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a Jeremy Taylor." His lordship was next day reported to have said, "in these days clergyman were expected to have the wisdom and learning of a journeyman tailor."

PURSUANCE of a purpose makes our work solid and consecutive.

Bric-a-Brac.

A CHANGING FLOWER.—A newly discovered Mexican flower is quite a wonder, if reports be true. It is said to be white in the morning, red at noon, and blue at night, and is further credited with emitting perfume only at the middle of the day. It grows on a tree in the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

FLESH-EATER.—it may be new to many that the word "sarcophagus" means literally flesh-eater, and was applied to coffins from the peculiar kind of stone of which the ancient Roman coffins were made. This stone is supposed to have been a species of limestone, and it is claimed had the property necessary entirely to consume a body, with the exception of the teeth, in forty days; hence the name.

AT MEAL TIME.—The ancient Britons did not get much to eat until supper-time, and the principal food was a thin cake of bread with chopped meat and broth. The houses were not furnished with table-cloths or napkins, and the dishes were placed upon the table all at once, upon rushes and fresh grass in large platters or trenchers. While the guests were eating the host and hostess stood up and took no food till all the company were satisfied.

HARD ON THE FATHER-IN-LAW.—In India it costs more to get married than to die. Expensive presents are bestowed, and the parents of the bride are often impoverished for life by the dowry which they give the bride. When a great wedding takes place, troops of beggars and priests appear, and they must not be sent away empty-handed. At a recent marriage, ten thousand people were sumptuously fed and presented with clothing and money.

A NATION OF PRINCES.—Of the posterity of Gedimin a noble Russian there were extant in 1700, four branches, one of which, the Galitzins, number over ten thousand and each of whom is entitled to the name of Prince. The great mass of princes, however, are not of Russian origin at all, but are of Tartar extraction. This swarm of foreign princes is explained by the fact that the Czars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in their zeal for the diffusion of the Greek faith among the Tartars commanded all belonging to those nationalities who accepted that belief to assume the title of prince. There are at least eighty of those separate families who are entitled to bear the title; but most of them live like simple peasants, and occupy themselves, among other professions, with cab-driving in St. Petersburg.

WORK AND WAGES.—At Frankfort in Germany, may be seen, on the Sachsenhauser Bridge, an iron rod with a gilt cock on the top. This is the reason according to tradition. An architect undertook to build the bridge within a fixed time, but three days before that on which he had contracted to complete it the bridge was only half finished. In his distress he invoked the devil, who undertook to complete it if he might receive the first who crossed the bridge. The work was done by the appointed day, and then the architect drove a cock over the bridge. The devil, who had reckoned on getting a human being, was furious; he tore the poor cock in two, and flung it with such violence at the bridge that he knocked two holes it, which to the present day cannot be closed, for if stones are put in by day they are torn out by night. In memorial of the event, the image of the cock was set up on the bridge.

PLENTY OF HELP.—All persons who make any pretensions to gentility in India employ a khansammah or house steward, a dhurwhan or doorkeeper, an abdar or water cooler, a sherabdar or wine manager, six or eight khitmutgars or walters at table, a sirdar-bearer and eight others to carry the palankeen, two or three bobajees or cooks, bheesties or water carriers, mhaters or sweepers, out-of-door servants, grooms, etc., etc., to a great number. Families in the middle rank of life are also obliged to keep a large number of servants. Even missionaries, who endeavor to do with as few as possible, are under the necessity of employing a bobajee, bearer, khitmutgar, mhater, dhurwhan, syce, grasscut, and dhobee or washerman. The salary of these averages about two dollars per month. Many families in the higher ranks of society have as many as a hundred or a hundred and twenty servants employed in their houses and gardens, none of whom are deemed superfluous.

SHIFTLESSNESS is mostly only another name for aimlessness.

SO LITTLE, SO MUCH.

BY B. B.

A tiny, tiny little bud,
With flaxen curls and eyes of blue;
And arch and ever-smiling lips,
That rival roses in their hue.

A tiny, tiny little trot,
With pattering, restless, active feet;
With arms held out, as she her "dad"
Across the floor starts forth to meet.

A tiny, tiny little grave,
Where, hidden from our loving sight,
Our darling sleeps beneath the turf,
O'ex-sprinkled with the daisies white.

A little, little span of time,
And we to her, we trust, shall go;
Where all Earth's tears are wiped away,
And none shall grief or sorrow know!

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

TWENTY-FIVE pounds down! Fox could hardly believe his ears. He did not hesitate a moment in concluding the bargain, and was ready to assist his new lodger as far as he was able.

That his lodger was some rich gentleman in disguise was patent; but Fox was not going to spoil his own chance by inconvenient questions.

He laughed long when his lodger informed him that his name was Jim Saunders, that he was "out of work," and hoped that Fox could have an attack of "rheumatics" that very day.

Fox therefore was not so surprised at her news as Mary expected him to be. But he played his part very well, and declared he would "go right off to the station," and be "back in no time."

And off he went running; nor did Mary catch the chuckle which burst from him as he left his cottage door.

"And where is Mr. Saunders?" asked Mary, turning with a flushed face to Mrs. Fox as soon as the gardener was out of hearing.

"Jim?" said Mrs. Fox, with the most natural air in the world. "Oh, poor fellow! I daresay you wondered not to see him last night, for of course, he'd told me where he was going. Well, 'tis a good thing that my husband's able to go to work again, for poor Jim got the news last night that his mother wasn't well, and he went off at once. I don't know when he will be back."

Mary's heart melted at once. So that was why Jim had not been to the dance! His mother was ill—dying perhaps; and she had been so angry with him.

The girl asked a good many questions about Mr. Saunders's mother before she went back to the cottage, thinking all the time of "poor Jim;" nor could she in her wildest dreams have imagined that the young gardener who had been so attentive to her and brought her such lovely flowers was no other than Lord Wynmore, who had once been engaged to marry Miss Mabel Charlford.

At the cottage she found the whole household astir and the two gentlemen distracted.

Fox, the gardener, arrived panting from the station soon afterwards.

No one at all like Miss Charlford had been at the station that morning, the porters assured him.

Indeed he brought back a list of the passengers who had left by the early train—three farmers, well known to the railway officials, a grocer in the village, two or three laborers, and one child.

"Then she is hiding somewhere about till nightfall," cried John Charlford—"she has got shelter in one of the cottages! I shall go to every house and show these villagefolk the danger they incur in hiding a daughter from her lawful guardians, especially one mentally afflicted as she is. Richard, telegraph to Lord Wynmore and to Caroline, we don't know whether she may have fled to them."

Battling with his uneasy fears, which were many, the false Richard Charlford made his way to the telegraph-office and despatched the following message to Lord Wynmore, who had purposely traveled down to his country residence, leaving Mabel in his sister's care, intending to be with her again in the evening—

"My dear afflicted child has left our care. Is she at the Manor?"

And in an incredibly short space of time he received the answer—

"Miss Charlford is not at the Manor, and has not been there. I shall go up to town immediately."

Thus the guilty man's last hope vanished. Somehow he had thought that he might find Mabel at Lord Wynmore's; but she had not been to the Manor.

All at once he was completely at fault, not knowing where to search or what step to take.

The lapse of but a few hours caused him and his companion in iniquity to look years older, and new lines of care furrowed the brow of each.

"Heavens, what a fool I have been to delay so long!" exclaimed the so-called Richard Charlford. "Is fate against me? A few hours more would have put escape out of the question!"

"Waste no time in regrets—be up and doing; she must be somewhere. Offer a large reward for the discovery of your mentally-afflicted daughter. She has escaped, it is true; but you have a good deal on your side yet—her utterances will be accounted insane. Doctor Crane will support your statements. It was he who examined her in London, you know, before you brought her to this place. For Heaven's sake rouse yourself!" urged his companion.

The day wore away in miserable efforts to track Mabel's flight.

Caroline sent a return telegram couched in terms of great anxiety. Her sister was not at home; no one there had the slightest news of her.

The garden, the wood, and the village had been scoured, nothing having rewarded the searchers save a handkerchief picked up on the path outside the cottage and marked "M. C.," which Mary identified as one belonging to the missing young lady. Darkness set in with no further tidings.

"What are we to do now?" asked John Charlford dejectedly.

"Nothing!" was the despairing answer. "And we thought ourselves secure!"—with a deep sigh.

But soon afterwards a bitter laugh broke from the false Richard Charlford's lips—he was his own wicked self again.

"Let me but once again have her under watch and ward, and she will never more cause me this anxiety! I have offered five hundred pounds reward to any one who will give me information leading to her recovery, and have also given a description of her height and general appearance. Surely I shall soon recover her! Ah, she should have thought twice before entering the field against me!"

"You had better try to eat or drink something—you are as white as a sheet," said his companion in guilt. "If you are to go to prison to-morrow, you may as well have a meal to-night. Do try to be ready for any emergency!"

"Don't speak of prison!" groaned the other.

"It is as well to face possibilities," said Mabel's uncle.

It was a long and wretched night to get through, but at length the dawn broke, bringing with it torrents of rain.

Filton—for that was his real name—and John Charlford looked so haggard that any one who had seen them two days before would hardly have recognized them for the same men.

They were both silent as they met at breakfast, immediately after which they were to travel up to town.

Each started with apprehension when Mrs. Feathers, looking considerably sobered brought in letters—amongst others one from Mabel.

It had been posted at some country village apparently, and ran thus—

"Do not seek for me—it would be useless. I am well; henceforth I will take care of myself. I could not go on living the life at the cottage, watched at every turn—it was driving me mad—so I sought freedom. Give my dear love to my sisters, to Dick, and to all who care for me.

"MABEL."

Again and again the two miserable confederates read the few lines.

"They tell us nothing," they said simultaneously.

"Take a little courage, man," exclaimed Filton, raising his head after a few moments; "she does not mean to trouble us, I fancy. You see, she sends her love to her sisters; it is something like a farewell. All is not lost by any means; there is no need to go about with hang-dog countenances."

The receipt of this letter from Mabel put the wretched men more at their ease.

She was gone; but it seemed to the last degree improbable that she would take any legal proceedings against him whom she looked upon as her father.

She was gone, but whatever she might accuse them of could be well defended. What if she had been taken to the cottage, and there watched and guarded night and day?

Insane patients were treated in like manner by those who had their welfare most at heart.

Doctor Crane, the well-known London physician, had heard the story of her delusions, and had declared them to be a grave symptom of mental derangement. No, no; there was no such ground for fear as they had at first supposed. And John Charlford and Filton raised up their heads once more.

Without further delay they dismissed the women-servants who had had charge of Mabel, arranged with Fox, the gardener, to look after the cottage till a new tenant was found, and then went up to London to confer with the family solicitor, Mr. Wrenby.

Meanwhile an advertisement couched in the following terms appeared in all the leading papers—

"Missing from the country residence to which she was removed for the sake of quiet, Miss Mabel Charlford. The young lady escaped from her guardians early on the morning of the 25th inst. She is tall and of distinguished appearance, also extremely beautiful. Age about seventeen. The young lady is mentally afflicted, though this may not at once appear, and suffers from various delusions. Whoever will give information which shall restore her to her agonized father shall receive the reward of five hundred pounds.—Address Wrenby, Esq., solicitor," etc.

A good many people read this advertisement, and more than one letter found its way to Mr. Wrenby's office from persons who hoped that in some forlorn hopeless girl they had found the lost Miss Charlford.

Amongst those who scanned the notice, attracted by the magnitude of the reward, were the servants of Lady Effington.

"Lucky folks will they be who discover this lunatic young lady," remarked her ladyship's own maid to the housekeeper one day at tea.

"Yes—if any one ever does find her; but those poor half-witted creatures make away with themselves as often as not," was the reply.

Neither of the two women had the slightest suspicion that the lovely young girl upstairs in the room next to her ladyship's, whom Lady Effington spoke of as "her young cousin who was out of health," was the missing Miss Charlford.

None of Lady Effington's servants were in the habit of questioning their mistress's actions; none of them had ever seen Mabel.

The maid who had been at the Manor in attendance on Lady Effington during Mabel's short visit there had almost immediately afterwards married, and was now living in Warwickshire.

There was nothing to lead those in daily attendance on Mabel to suppose that she, a relative of her ladyship's, was the young lady for whose discovery so large a reward had been offered.

Fox, the gardener, read the advertisement, and would certainly have given any information he could to obtain the sum of five hundred pounds; but he had nothing on which to act.

Suspicions he had in plenty; but he had never known who "Jim Saunders" really was, nor had he any actual clue to Mabel's identity.

At present therefore he kept quiet, hoping that, if he did so, Jim Saunders might some day reappear, and then he could at once send off to apprise the police.

There was another person also who read the advertisement; and he sat staring at it for a long while.

"H'm," he said to himself—"cut away, has she? Shouldn't at all wonder if he'd driven her crazy. She suspected something he told me. How was that, I want to know? Blest if I shouldn't like to pocket the five hundred pounds and do my friend Filton a good turn into the bargain! There is my friend's daughter Caroline too—I want to get some more funds out of her. Cannot understand the girl lately—cannot understand Filton himself—think he wants to get rid of me without completing the payment. That won't do!"

For a long time he continued to muse over the advertisement; at last, slowly folding up the paper, he put it into his pocket.

That very evening he gave it by mistake to a friend of his sailing for Rio de Janeiro.

In this way the news traveled to a young man lately landed at Rio.

Standing penniless and profoundly dejected near the landing-place, he observed a newly-arrived passenger throw aside a crumpled newspaper—an English newspaper—and, rushing forward, picked it up.

Eagerly scanning the notices on the first page, his eyes met the announcement which told him so many unlooked-for things. Mabel called insane—Mabel shut up in a house from which she had escaped—a reward offered for her discovery!

With a groan he hastened to find a steam-vessel about to make the return voyage to England; and, by offering to work his passage back, and by interesting the captain in his desire to return home immediately to see a sister who was dangerously ill, Dick was taken on board.

Meanwhile Mabel was lying dangerously ill at Lady Effington's, and could do nothing at present but send Neville's message by his sister that she agreed with him in thinking that they must not intrust the matter they had to establish to Mr. Wrenby.

Then Neville asked if she would permit him to act on his own judgment. And she—lying ill and helpless—consented; and Lord Wynmore instantly consulted his own family solicitor, and also put himself into communication with a private detective.

To find the man who was lurking somewhere in England in order to receive money as the price of his silence seemed the first thing to be done; he must be made to speak through fear or bribery.

In the meantime Neville himself was ready to start for Jamaica, to make inquiries there in person, for he was well aware that further evidence must be forthcoming to convict the man who called himself Richard Charlford.

When the blow fell, it must fall with effect.

CHAPTER XXIX.

SEATED at ease in his luxurious library, the man who for so many years had usurped a position to which he had no claim and wealth to which he had no right reviewed the crisis through which he had passed.

He had paid off his enemy, who, satisfied that there was no more to be wrung out of him at present, would leave him in peace for several years.

Dick would not be back just yet from his involuntary voyage to South America. Caroline, Netta, and Bella, though they mourned their sister's absence, were perfectly submissive, and in no way reproached him with being the cause of it.

As for Mabel herself, she was practically harmless; say what she might, it would be set down to insanity.

Had he not Doctor Crane's opinion to support him? But, in truth, after the first bewildering terror at news of her flight, he had experienced a sensation of relief; and, if she ever returned, he would have the more plausible reason for sending her to a private asylum.

No, he did not much fear Mabel. Not a whisper had gone forth against him; all his neighbors vied with each other in respectful sympathy with his grief; he would escape the pitfall which had yawned to engulf him. Then his thoughts travelled on into the future.

"It is like my own possession now," he said within himself, with a sardonic smile, as he glanced round the lofty walls on which hung costly paintings, beneath which marble statues of statesmen and poets and busts of by-gone Charlfords were hanged. "It was a bold move, and it succeeded!" he muttered. "I should not have the hardihood to play the part twice over, but having played it, I will sustain it to the end. A place like this is surely worth running a risk for."

His gaze, passing beyond the library, took in the noble cedar-trees on the edge of the pleasure-grounds and the belt of forest-land which bounded the undulating park. The deepening twilight of the clear autumn day added to the charm of the landscape.

Miss Gray was still at Charlford House with Netta and Bella, who would have been lonely enough without her, for Caroline was not much of a companion to her young sisters, and had gone to London on a brief visit to a friend.

She felt restless and miserable, she had said, and would be glad of any change in the anxiety she felt concerning Mabel. And the so-called Mr. Charlford was relieved at her absence, and, in his then state of mind, offered no opposition to her departure.

By his neighbors and by the inmates of his house he was supposed to be sitting brooding by his lonely hearth, mourning for his lost daughter, when in reality he was enjoying his ease; his servants and acquaintances credited him with feeling which he was far from possessing.

On this night however his uneasy sense of possible danger had nearly died down. An unexpected ring at the hall door, succeeded by the announcement of Mr. John Charlford, was sufficient to revive his fears in a very uncomfortable manner. He started from his seat and grew deathly pale when he perceived that his visitor was agitated.

"Why have you come?" he gasped, the moment the servant had closed the door of the library, leaving them together.

"Why?" echoed John Charlford. "Because I cannot rest! Because I dread that something may happen! Filton, it was an ill deed that you forced me to do; and I had better have suffered then than have lived all these years to suffer now."

"Stop this folly!" cried the other savagely. "Am I safe? You got what you sinned for. We must all pay a price for what we get in this world! You had better have stayed at home, if you have come here for no other purpose than to put your own neck into the noose, as you will certainly do if you are going to address me as you did just now."

"What did I say?" asked John Charlford, sinking into a chair and shivering before the blaze. "Do you mean to say I called you 'Filton?' Surely I never used that name! I must be losing control over my reason!"

"I should think you are! But pray do so quietly, and avoid unpleasant consequences. May I inquire what has led you back to Charlford House the moment after you quitted it?"

"A presentiment," returned the other—"I cannot account for it—a foreboding of evil close at hand! It was so real, so terrible, that I waited only to secure all the money I had in the house, and traveled back here to ask if you too had experienced any feeling such as mine? Answer me truly for once in your life!"

"Of course I have been uneasy enough, if you mean that!" replied his companion fiercely. "Who would not be uneasy, embarked on such an ocean as we are? But my reason tells me that there is no great cause for alarm; and, just as I was beginning to experience a feeling of rest, you came, with your pusillanimous terror. Did you expect to play the part you have played and afterwards find smooth sailing?"—and Filton's lip curled with an expression of contempt.

"I can feel the storm brooding in the air before breaking," moaned John Charlford. "When it does break, who will pity us."

"Pity? Of what use will that be to us? Do stop that moaning, and tell me, while you still have your senses, whether any thing has occurred to cause you to speak like this."

"Has not enough occurred already?" whispered his miserable listener. "Hush! Was that some one at the door?"—and he started from his seat.

"You will be your own destruction, and mine too, if you act it this fool's way!" cried Filton. "If a dozen people were at the door, how would that endanger you? Your own face is enough to hang you, though, it is true. Here—I must put you somewhere where you will be out of the reach of doing yourself and me harm which cannot be undone. I shall tell the servants you are not well, and you will go to bed and remain

there until you have your wife more under control. Now hold your tongue whilst I give orders about your room."

And soon the weaker culprit of the two—unable to resist the other's will, still more a slave to it, if that could be, than he had felt himself so many years before, when he had consented to save himself from the consequences of an evil deed at the expense of his dead brother's children—was installed in one of the visitors' rooms at Charlford House, the servants being informed that he was an invalid in very delicate health.

When the other man found himself alone again, he paced the room frantically.

The fact was, his nerves were unstrung by his late continual watching for what might overwhelm him; and this unlooked-for visit of John Charlford's, this confession of anticipated evil, affected him in a strange manner.

In vain he attempted to battle with the feeling; he detected himself listening for noises and starting without adequate cause.

"It is Dick whom I fear—Dick!" he muttered. "But I must tell him a specious tale. Of course he must be made to believe that I have done all that lay in my power to find him—that I have been silent to his sisters in order not to oppress their hearts with too much misery just when they are mourning their sister Mabel's loss. Perhaps I made a mistake in getting him drugged and shipped for Rio; but who does not make some mistakes in this miserable world?"

Then, sitting down to brood over his fears and dangers, he watched the twilight creeping over the stately cedars in the park and the forest trees, now nearly stripped of their leafy beauty.

Meanwhile Neville Wynmore, about to start for the West Indies, was hurriedly writing some instructions to his steward before his departure, when the detective he had employed was ushered in.

This man was to accompany him, so that Lord Wynmore was not surprised at his visit, though he had not expected him to call.

One glance at his face however showed Neville that he came with important tidings.

"You bring news!" he exclaimed, rising hastily to meet him.

"Yes, my lord; and there is no time to lose. Miss Charlford is to meet her lover to-night. She will arrive at the Paddington Station—presumably on a visit to a friend—about five o'clock. To be brief, I bribed the maid, who already had her suspicions. To her I am indebted for this news; she managed to read a couple of the young lady's letters which informed her of the fact that her young mistress had arranged to meet a gentleman at the Paddington Station to-night—I infer the rest. You are well acquainted with Miss Charlford, my lord; disguise yourself in some way, and accompany me without loss of time."

In a moment Neville had darted downstairs.

"Here, Turner," he said—"lend me your oldest hat and coat for a disguise, and be quick about it, and then call a hansom! Quick!"

"Yes, my lord," answered Turner, disappearing, and reappearing the next minute bearing in one hand a wide-brimmed light gray hat and an overcoat, while from the other hand dangled a false brown beard.

"Would this be of any use to your lordship?" he asked, repressing a smile.

"Capital! Help me to put it on, Turner," said Neville.

In a very short time Lord Wynmore was whirling along in a hansom by the side of the detective, looking very much like a respectable middle-aged farmer who could not afford to wear too new a coat.

"Shall we be in time?" he asked very anxiously, as they drove into the yard of the terminus.

"Not a minute to spare, my lord," answered the detective, springing from the cab.

One minute to five! But the train was not in when they hurried on to the arrival platform.

They had returned to their cab, in view of having to follow Caroline, and now they took up a position as if waiting—like so many others — for the arrival of a friend.

Neville stood behind the detective, but he was so disguised that even Mabel would not have recognized him.

Scarcely three minutes had elapsed when the train they were so anxiously looking for steamed slowly in.

Was Caroline in one of the cars? Had she come alone? Would he find her in the throng?

Neville asked himself these questions as he pressed forward, eagerly scanning the descending passengers.

A moment later he touched his companion's arm.

"There she is," he said hurriedly; "and her maid is with her. Look—that young lady in black velvet! The maid wears a green costume."

At that instant a tall, handsome, evil-looking man hurried up to them and took Caroline's hand.

"The carriage is waiting," they heard him say.

Caroline, much agitated, though she endeavored to seem at ease, exclaimed, with a forced smile—

"Oh, has my friend sent you to meet me?"

"Yes," he said, with an answering smile; "she did not like you to drive through the streets alone. Where is your luggage? Let me lead you to the carriage."

"Gibbons," said Caroline, turning to her maid, "as my friend has sent her brother to meet me, I need not take you such a long drive, and you will be glad to get under shelter this cold evening; so you can take a cab and drive at once to Madame Henriette's, order the dress, and tell her to be ready to fit it on to-morrow, and then go to the lodgings I have engaged for you. As my friend's house is so full, she cannot take you in for a couple of days. Do you understand?"

"Yes, miss," returned the maid demurely, perfectly comprehending the ruse, for she had read her mistress's letters, and was certain that this tall gentleman who passed for the brother of Miss Charlford's friend was a secret lover.

"I believe it will be a runaway match this time!" she thought, as she showed a porter her mistress's luggage, and then prepared to obey her orders.

"Am I to come to you the first thing to-morrow morning, miss?" she asked, as she was about to enter the cab.

"No, not to-morrow, it would only cause confusion when the house is so full!" answered Caroline, with suppressed agitation. "The next day at dinner-time—in time to dress me—will be soon enough. Good night!"

"Good night, miss," replied Gibbons, with difficulty repressing a smile.

Then she got into the cab, and drove off, leaving Caroline and the tall evil-looking stranger standing together on the platform.

Neville and the detective were close at hand, Neville's back towards the couple, while the detective had taken him by the button-hole, and was apparently pouring some story into his ear.

"Oh, Horace, where are we going?" faltered Caroline.

"Can you ask, dearest?" he replied. "One more night in England, and then a new life begins for me—for us! Then hey for the Far West—for love—for you."

"Oh, Horace," she said, while tears rolled down her cheeks, "can happiness come to us like this?"

"Be sure it will, darling!" he answered. "Come, all is ready for our bridal."

"Is this your luggage, miss?" asked a porter, coming up.

Caroline nodded—she could not speak.

"Want a four-wheeler, sir?" added the porter.

"Yes—be as quick as you can!" answered Caroline's companion.

The luggage was soon put up and the trembling girl seated safely within the cab.

"Where to, sir?" asked the driver.

"Drive to Teviot Street, Poplar. I'll stop you at the house, I've forgotten the number," said the man who was bearing off the unhappy girl.

"Keep that cab within sight, and I will give you five pounds!" said Neville to his driver.

And soon the two cabs, one following the other, were on their way to the East End of London in the twilight.

"What a dreadful sight these streets present," said Caroline, with a shudder. "Horace, all my love for you cannot blind me to the fact that I have done very wrong. Oh, what a sad bridal mine will be, hurried, late and among strangers."

"I will make up to you for all," replied her companion, taking her hands in his.

Caroline trembled without replying, but he drew her head on to his shoulder with well-simulated affection, and the cab jolted slowly on, on through the gas-lit streets, where miserable women and half-clad children were to be seen at every turn, and where drunken men thronged the doors of the gin-shops.

"A pretty place he's taking the lady to, my lord," said the detective, as the drove along.

Neville nodded, without averting his gaze from the vehicle in front. If they should lose it for a moment!

How much depended on a successful issue to their quest!

What an endless drive it seemed from Paddington to Poplar. How Neville's eyes ached, and his heart too!

A dozen times he thought he had lost sight of the cab he was pursuing; once it stopped in order that the driver might ask his way, once again because of a street-accident; but through all mischances Neville never withdrew his gaze from the cab in front of them.

"Good heavens, is this where he is taking Caroline? Then indeed he must think it well to keep out of sight," he said to himself as he got out and watched from the other side of the street the ill-assorted couple alight and enter a house.

The man had thrown a large dark shawl over Caroline's head and shoulders—perhaps because he wished to screen her from the notice of passers-by, perhaps because he did not wish her to be too much shocked by the quarter to which he had taken her.

"Now then, my lord," said the detective, crossing the street.

Without the loss of a moment Neville put the promised gold into the hands of the delighted cabman.

"Wait," he said, "and you may get a fare back."

Then he hastened after his guide.

A man loitering in the street exchanged a word or two with the detective as they paused before the house which Caroline had entered.

"Who is that?" asked Neville, stopping short.

"A brother-officer, there is another in the background." "I may want help, my lord," replied the detective, as he knocked softly at the door.

A woman with unkempt hair and sleeves turned up, presented herself. She stared at the two men who stood there.

"We want lodgings, have you a spare room?" said the detective, softly advancing along the passage, followed by Neville, an entrance must be effected at all hazards.

"My rooms are all took for to-night, gentlemen," responded the woman. "It's no use you stopping. The day after to-morrow you may come, if so be you're in want of rooms then."

"No; we want them to-night," said the detective, listening anxiously to a murmur of voices above.

The woman stepped quickly to the foot the stairs.

"I tell you I've no lodgings to spare. Be off, or I'll call my husband!" she said menacingly.

"Hush!" returned the detective, whispering in her ear. "I am a police-officer, and there are two more outside. Don't get yourself into trouble, but let me do my duty."

The woman turned pale, hesitated, then stood back, while the detective, followed by Neville, went up the wooden staircase three steps at a time, but not before he had unlatched the house door, admitting his colleagues, who were in readiness to support him.

Guided by the murmur of voices, the detective opened a door to the left, and, throwing it back, disclosed to view a scene which Neville never forgot.

There were five people within the apartment, standing in a half-circle before a table covered with a white table-cloth, on which a vase of flowers had been placed.

It was a long low-pitched room illuminated by about a dozen flaring candles, the light of which revealed startlingly enough the group near the table.

Caroline was the central figure, her extreme pallor heightened by the black velvet dress that she wore and by the bunch of orange-blossoms which had been hurriedly fastened at her throat.

By her side stood the dark, handsome, evil-looking man who was luring her to destruction, and to whom she was evidently about to plight her bridal vows.

A third figure, wearing a surplice, stood before the couple; while a man and woman apparently acting as witnesses of this strange marriage, completed the group.

At the sound of the opening door, at the sight of the two figures entering so hastily, so unexpectedly, Caroline, whose eyes had been fixed on the floor, raised them, and, as she did so, Neville tore off his disguise.

Then she uttered a piercing cry and sank upon a chair near her, covering her face with her hands.

The clerical gentleman, apparently as much agitated as she was, glared at the intruders.

The witnesses shrank back, but Horace Lane stood up boldly, saying, in an authoritative tone—

"Who are you? Retire at once, or we will call in the police!"

"We have saved you that trouble," answered the detective, quietly closing the door. "There are officers outside ready to aid us."

"Officers?" repeated the man scornfully. "At your peril interrupt the celebration of this marriage! The lady is of age, here is the license. No one has the power to stop a marriage where the contracting parties are of age."

"It is not a marriage ceremony I have come here to interrupt," said the detective calmly; "I have come to execute a warrant for the apprehension of Horace Frederick Lane on a charge of forgery committed many years ago, and of being a party to a conspiracy whereby one Richard Miles Filton became possessed of a large property passing himself off as an English gentleman then just deceased in the West Indies, one Mr. Richard James Charlford. What have you to say to that?"

Nothing—nothing. With a wild cry the wretched man sank down before the table, and his head fell forward upon his outstretched arms.

"You hear, Caroline?" said Neville, trying to rouse her. "Do you realize what has happened? Try to be brave; I will take you to my sister's to-night. Do you hear that you have no father?"

Yes, she heard—she even understood the meaning of his words; but she listened as one listens to the utterances of a person who is the victim of a horrible dream.

Even the amazing revelation she had just heard concerning the man whom she had deemed her father was not so overwhelming to her as the terrible discovery that the man she loved was base clay instead of fine gold.

In a moment the idol set up in her heart had been shattered, and reason almost tottered under the blow.

The two persons called in to be witnesses of the marriage stood aside, with consternation on their faces.

"Who are you?" said the detective; but all the while he was casting searching glances at the wearer of the surplice, still mute with surprise or dread.

"We're only people that lodge here, sir," answered the man addressed. "We was asked to be witnesses to a marriage, and promised five shillings apiece, so me and my wife wasn't backwards in saying 'Yes.' That's all, sir."

"Stay where you are for the present till I ascertain the truth of what you assert," said the officer.

Then he turned to the clerical gentleman who all this time had remained in an uncomfortable attitude, looking from one to another, every moment shifting nearer to the door.

The detective's searching glance evidently disconcerted him; but, forced now to confront him, he raised his head and, trying to speak unconcernedly, said—

"Officer, this is a dreadful termination to a contemplated marriage. The whole scene has shaken me in a terrible manner, so I will now retire, hoping that this gentleman," indicating Lord Wynmore, "will see the lady safe with her friends."

"You may feel certain his lordship will do so; but you may not feel so certain about your freedom as to walk out of this house unquestioned," said the detective sternly. "You and I have met before, Jim Mullard, and we have not met on pleasant terms. Ah, you see it is a little dangerous to personate a character such as you have assumed to-day! What, you were about to perform a marriage-ceremony, you, an ex-thief, swindler, and escaped convict! You are as dangerous a villain as lives unhanged!"

The man thus addressed glared wildly round the room, then eyed the detective from head to foot, as if deliberating whether he should measure his strength against that of the officer, then stooped down, shook the arm of Lane—whose head was still resting on the table, and whispered—

"Fight for it, or we are in for life!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EXTREME ETIQUETTE.—In Sweden, if you address the poorest person in the street you must lift your hat. A gentleman passing a lady on the stairs of an hotel must do the same. To enter a shop or bank with one's hat on is a terrible breach of good manners. When a train leaves a platform or a steamboat a pier, all the lookers-on lift their hats to the departing passengers and bow to them, a compliment returned by the travellers.

In aristocratic circles in Persia a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling. If the visit be one of importance, notice is sent on the previous day. As the visitor approaches the house, the servants, mounted or on foot, come forth to meet him, and one returns with speed to announce his coming. According to his relative rank, the host meets him at the foot of the staircase, at the door, or at the upper end of the room.

The question of seats is also one requiring the utmost circumstance in receiving the various shades of rank. If the visitor's rank be superior to that of the host, the former is invited to occupy a sofa alone at the upper corner, while the host sits on a chair or on the floor at the right. The left is more honorable than the right in Persia.

For a lady to lay her hand upon another lady's arm is considered a very great and objectionable familiarity by an Italian. "Never touch the person; it is sacred," says an Italian proverb.

They have some very foolish customs in Holland, such, for instance, as that which compels a lady, whether alone or accompanied by other ladies, to avoid passing a club house or other place of rendezvous for men.

If a lady must needs enter a library, or other place which men naturally go to, and if she find a gentleman or two there, she feels compelled to retire as precipitately as if she had seen a case of small-pox. The men know this, but unless they have finished their business they do not retire. The lady retreats in the most undignified manner, and the human bear finishes his book or his chocolate, even though the lady be at the door waiting for him to leave.

THE THREE WIVES.—A man once went to Copley (the father of the great Lord Lyndhurst) and caused himself and wife and seven children to be all included in a family picture.

"It wants but one thing," said he, "and that is a portrait of my first wife, for this one is my second."

"But," said the artist, "she is dead, you know, sir; what can I do? She can only come in as an angel."

"Oh, no, not at all," answered the other; "she must come in as a woman; no angels for me."

The portrait was added, but some time elapsed before the person came back; and when he returned, he had a strange lady on his arm.

"I must have another touch of your brush, Copley," he said; "an accident befell my second wife; this lady is my third; and she has come to have her likeness included in the family picture."

The painter complied; the likeness was introduced, and the husband looked with a glance of satisfaction on his three spouses. Not so the lady; she remonstrated; never had such a thing been heard of! Out her predecessors must go.

The artist painted them out accordingly, and had to bring an action at law to obtain payment for the portraits which he had obliterated.

A GENTLEMAN who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and was much esteemed by that Minister, asked him for some assistance. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the friend, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation, and gave him many reasons for not being able to assist him.

"My lord, all the favor I expect at your hands is this, that whenever we meet in public you will do me the honor to recognize me, and to tap me on the shoulder in a familiar manner."

The cardinal readily assented to this easy method of serving his friend, who in a few years, from the advantages he derived from being supposed to be on such excellent terms with so powerful a Minister, became a wealthy man.

FADED.

BY KATE MELLERSH.

Here is the rose you gave me, years ago,
Before the east wind blew o'er summer's day
And killed the golden roses. Fled away
Its fragrance and its glory now, as tho'
'Twere symbol of our own past. Dead? Ah no,
If I but touch these leaves, the Past will lay
Her image o'er the Present; twilight gray
Changes to sunny noonday, and the low,
Soft music of your voice is in my ear.
I murmur, "Dear, I love you," sweet, you lift
One moment your fair face, and, in the clear,
Still depths of your dark eyes my heart is swift
To read the secret that this rose keeps, dear—
They both are mine, the giver as the gift.

With Folded Hands.

BY AUSTIN ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

"WHEN you do love me a little, dearest?"

The man's voice was tender enough, but not pleading; he spoke with assurance.

His tone alone would have told a listener that his victory was won, even without the earnest, low-breathed "Better than my life" that came from the lips of the girl into whose eyes he was gazing.

She was tall, above the middle height, so that their eyes were on a level as he stood with his hands on her shoulders, reading intently every line of her lovely face for one instant before he drew her close to him and kissed her lips, murmuring—

"My own, my darling! You would do anything for me, would you not?"

She did not resist his kiss, and her answer came low, but proud and steadfast, "Anything—that you would ask me."

He did not understand, how should he? all that was implied in that speech, with its significant little pause—the confidence in him, the calm certainty that he was all that was good and wise and noble, and that it was impossible in the nature of things that he should ask anything but what she would be overjoyed to grant.

He no more understood the speech than he understood the nature of the girl whose love he had won.

It was not within his comprehension; but, murmuring some tender words, he took her hand in his, and so, like two children, they passed down the lone hill-side together.

They were a very handsome pair, well matched in looks if in no other single particular.

Helen Bell was not only tall, but she had that length of slender, shapely limb which makes a woman's carriage a delight to the beholder.

Her step over the heather was at once swift and springy. Dark-haired, gray-eyed, clear-skinned, she had all the beauty of youth; but her face gave promise of something more.

Very few come to their full beauty at eighteen.

There is a deepening and changing of expression wrought by the next few years that makes three-and-twenty for the majority of women the age at which they most nearly reach perfection.

Helen Bell was but eighteen at this time, and though her features were finely cut, her head nobly modelled and exquisitely poised, though her eyes and lips harmonized in their sweet, earnest, serious looks, as eyes and lips seldom do in the fashionable world there was still a certain childlikeness in her face that made you say, "What a lovely woman she will be," not "What a lovely woman she is."

But many fine ladies would have glanced at her without discovering that she had any beauty at all, for Helen Bell wore the coarse dress of a working woman, disfiguring to most, if not to her, and in her hand she carried a long stick for herding the cattle she kept on that hill side.

Robert Astley, the young man at her side, was an English engineer.

Intrusted with the surveying necessary for a line of rails through that remote part of Galloway, in one of his walks across the moor he had met Helen.

Chance gave him an opportunity of speaking to her; he took it eagerly, and she answered as simply.

Since then they had met almost every day, and together they had trodden unwittingly that wondrous sloping path of passion that, slowly and gently at first, but so swiftly, so irresistibly at last, leads men and women to their fate.

How strangely swift it had been with them at the end!

It was but yesterday that he had first told her of his love, and now the whole world lay about them transfigured, and it was as if they two and no other walked through its enchantments alone.

Nor did they need even to speak of others for "you" and "I" and "I" and "you" had grown such sweet, such absorbing words that other names would have jarred among them and have broken the harmony.

Listen to them for a moment; he is asking about her life.

"But you, dearest, are so unlike the country girls round here; you look so different, you speak so much better. You have an accent, it is true, the sweetest accent ever heard, but you speak English, not the common broad Scotch."

"That is because I did live in England."

And Helen's color came and went under his ardent gaze.

"After my mother died, my aunt, who was a schoolmistress in England, brought me up, and it was only when my aunt died, too, that I came back to my father."

"How you must have hated your life here after leaving England."

"Nay, I love my father and Scotland both. I have learnt a great deal more out alone on the hills with the beasts than I could have learnt in any town. Besides," turning her face towards him with the simplicity of intense affection and a frank earnestness that was peculiarly her own, "if I had not come here I should never have seen you, and life would have——"

"What, dearest?"

"Have seemed very different," she ended somewhat lamely.

"I thought you were going to say it would have been unbearable," he said with a light laugh. "Now I can't imagine life without you, Helen, I can't indeed; I couldn't bear it."

But Helen shook her head.

"You don't mean that," she said; "you mean it would be hard—hard, oh, it would, indeed! but not unbearable. Only one thing could make life unbearable, I think."

"And what may that be, young strange child?

"The memory of wilful sin," she answered. "I can't fancy any one living on happily with recollection of wilful sin in their minds."

"What should you know of such things, child? Put such thoughts away, my Helen; they are not fit for you," cried Robert earnestly, almost angrily.

There was an uneasy stirring in his mind at her words as a lightning flash of memory lit up a hundred forgotten scenes for him in that moment.

"Here is our parting place, dearest," he said, as they reached a turn in the glen. "Now put away such gloomy thoughts and give me a few kind words instead."

A little lingering, some tender words, one or two looks that thrilled their very heart-strings, and they parted, Robert saying:

"Then to-morrow we meet at the same place, my own one, and in the evening I will speak to your father."

But the morrow brought strange changes into both their fortunes.

Helen passed on swiftly down the glen. She was later than usual, the summer day was near its ending.

The shadows of the hills rose up and up around her as the sun sank lower and lower; she seemed to be going down into gloom while the grey night itself came up to meet her.

Yet as she reached her journey's end and her home, a low thatched cottage standing where the glen opened out into a wilder valley, down which a broadening river ran, there burst upon her suddenly all the last and brightest glories of the west itself that the mountains had hid before, and she was bathed in a flood of golden light as for one instant she paused to take in all the wonder and the beauty of the scene before lifting the latch.

"Is't you, lass?" said a feebie voice from the darkness within, as, still half dazzled, she entered the cottage. "I've been thinking long til ye came."

"Are you not so well to-night?" said Helen tenderly, with a pang of self-reproach; "I am sorry I was late."

"Nay, bairn, dinna fret for that. I'm no verra weel, it's true. I have a sair, sair head the night, an' whiles I canna' think on what I'd fain be saying; but I'll be better the morn, nae doubt."

Helen had struck a light by this time, for even at noon little sunshine reached the back room where her father was, and now it was almost dark.

She was startled at his appearance. There was a brightness, a dilation of the eyes that was alarming, even to her inexperience.

He had flung himself, all dressed as he was, on the low bed, and his head turned from side to side incessantly in a vain seeking for ease and rest.

As she stood there he seemed to forget her, or no longer to see her, and began a low monotonous moan, yet without seeming conscious of it.

She was seriously alarmed. But what could she do?

The nearest cottage was more than a mile away, the nearest doctor five at least. Dare she leave him to get help or advice?

She tried to rouse him to take some thin porridge for supper, but in vain. Now and then he spoke a few connected words, as he had done when she came in, but most of the time a stupor seemed to have fallen on him.

At last in despair she took a hasty resolution, and, making him as comfortable as she could, she left the cottage and ran with all the swiftness that her hill training gave her down the darkening road to ask advice from the nearest neighbor.

But disappointment met her there.

"Ye'd better no' come in, lass," were the words that greeted her ear; "here's oor Wullie an' Alick down with the fivver, and the baby like to get it too: an' they tell me it's sair catching."

"Is the doctor couning?" asked Helen eagerly.

"Aye, lass, i' the morn. Are ye wantin' him?"

"My father is very ill."

"Well, ye'd best just awa' back till him, for I'm ower throng here wi' sick folk to help ye, an' I'll send the doctor along whenever he comes; but it'll no' be till the morn," was the rough but not unkindly answer.

And Helen hurried back to the cottage to wear through the night watches as best she might.

Her father grew visibly and rapidly worse; by dawn he was quite unconscious.

About five Helen caught a passing herd lad on his way to his work, and sent a message to the farmer by whom she and her father were employed.

But still the hours sped by, and the awful loneliness of her solitary watch remained unbroken. She was not anxious; she was despairing.

As her father drifted further and further away from her and the seas of unconsciousness rolled deeper between them, she knew she should never hear him speak again.

When the doctor at length came, his words, "There is no hope," were not so much a confirmation of her fears as an expression of what she knew, and seemed to have known for ages.

Neighbors came, bringing help and sympathy, after the doctor had been; but all was soon over. Before night came again Helen was fatherless.

* * * * * *

To say that during her lonely watch her thoughts had been all given to her father—that she had never thought of Robert—would be false to nature and to life. She thought of him continually.

The greatest moment of a woman's life cannot come and go without coloring all the past as well as the future and the present, and beneath her distress and anguish lay untouched, immovable the consciousness of Robert's love for her, her love for him.

Nay, when all was over, and her father gone from her, she was aware of a special touch of sorrow because he had not known the new joy that had come into her life; had not known that now, though sorrowful she must be, she would not be either lonely or friendless.

"He would have been so glad. Why did I not tell him yesterday?" she found herself saying.

But days passed on, and even the day of the simple funeral came, when, after solemn prayer within the little house, the dead man was borne on the shoulders of his fellow-workers to the lonely little kirkyard on the hillside, and in impressive silence laid in his last resting-place, and still Robert had not been to her, had sent her no letter or message.

* * * * * *

Robert Astley was placed in a somewhat peculiar position, and he had never yet had sufficient force of character to dominate his circumstances.

The second son of a rich man, he saw his elder brother in possession of everything which he most coveted, and found himself dependent for luxury in the present and for all prospective hopes of wealth in the future on the will of his mother, an imperious woman, who loved him, it is true, but who loved power more.

He had also expectations from her brother a man of the same type; and having never, until he met Helen Bell, desired anything so much in life as wealth and the power and pleasures it brings, he had suffered these two to sway his life exactly as they pleased.

They would not permit him to be a soldier, as he had wished; and as he had a natural taste for engineering he had thrown himself with some ardor into that profession, and, in spite of occasional fits of idleness and bursts of self-indulgence, was tolerably successful, though not to be depended on for any strenuous effort.

On reaching his home after leaving Helen he found a peremptory summons from his mother.

"She wanted him at once;" no reason assigned.

For a moment or two he hesitated. How could he break his promise to Helen—such a promise at such a time? How could he leave her?

But very quickly all the old motives and habits of thought re-asserted themselves and resumed their accustomed sway.

So much dependent on it, for Helen's sake as well as his own; she would surely see that.

Yes, he must go. His work gave him no excuse for staying; it was in such a state that absence for a week was quite possible, and the first train in the morning carried him away.

But he was not wholly heartless. He wrote a letter to Helen, only, as he forgot to post it, it never reached her, and in the train he thought much of her, until he felt quite convinced that he was taking this journey entirely on her account.

At the same time he had not distinctly formed any intention of mentioning her name to his mother.

Mrs. Astley had a great deal to say to her son, and a plan to propound. She was a very shrewd woman, and knew him well.

She soon detected something new to her in the background of his mind, something that seemed to be altering his habits of thought a little, and she at once put it down as some love affair, "probably with a quite unsuitable person," and asked no questions. "From four months old to two years, if anything ails your baby, the doctor tells you you may take it for granted it is teething; from eighteen to twenty-eight, if anything ails your son, you may as certainly take it for granted it is an undesirable love affair," was a maxim with her.

Nevertheless she slightly altered the plan she had intended to lay before Robert.

Her first idea in sending for him had been to put before him the possibility of his marrying an heiress, a good girl and a pretty girl, and one to whom she herself, with all her hardness, was sincerely attached.

She wished to see Robert married and settled, and felt herself quite magnanimous for the wish, for of course she must at his marriage lose some of her power over him.

Still, to have Ethel Cadogan as a daughter was worth a good deal, and Robert's life, she knew well, was not satisfactory.

Her heart was strangely set on this match and as she recognized more and more clearly that obstacle in Robert's mind, which she never approached in words, she felt that she must make a sacrifice of importance and purchase her own way in this, even if it cost her much.

Therefore she let Robert feel the full delight of all that wealth can command; and while presenting the thought of Ethel Cadogan to him without pressing her on him, and with the suggestion that he had a rival in the field, she gave him a distinct promise that if within two years he married to please her, she would indefinitely increase his allowance, and definitely settle upon him her fortune after her death, so that it should be beyond her own power of recall.

Robert was but ten days under these influences, and yet he returned to his Galloway inn to make arrangements for giving up his post, almost resolved to break with Helen, and thinking how foolishly he had let himself get bewitched by a pretty face.

A man of his stamp is as clay in the hands of a clever, unscrupulous woman.

CHAPTER II.

IT was the morning after Robert's return to Galloway, he was sitting at breakfast in the little inn's best room, looking out on the wide view of hill and moor, with the lonely road appearing here and there like a twisted white ribbon.

Very bleak must that view have been in winter, but now, with the heather everywhere just purpling into bloom and the gorse spread like fields of the cloth of gold, with the bracken and moss at their darkest, richest green, and the July sun flooding all with light, there seemed a glow of warmth and life everywhere that it was hard to believe must pass away in silence, cold, and darkness.

The window was flung open to admit the fresh morning air, and all the sounds of summer came floating in, the chirp of happy grasshoppers, the cries of the darting swifts, and the bleat of full-grown lambs separated from their mothers and moved to new pastures.

Robert had judiciously placed himself so that he could enjoy the sight of the distant hills, while all the petty details, the untidiness and even squalor that too often surrounds such small inns in Scotland, were hid.

It is needless to say that his return to the place where he had first seen and known Helen and the sight of the prospect had revived his feeling towards her.

The very shape of the hills spoke to him of her, and he was rapidly drifting into a mood of sincere self pity for the pang it would cost him to break with her, when the bare-armed Maggie, the maid of the inn, burst into rather than entered the room with the abrupt observation—

"Here's ane wishing to speak wi' ye," and retired again, leaving the door wide open.

"Come in," called Robert, expecting one of his men from the railway, but no one entered. A pause, in which a faint rustle fell on his ear.

"Come in," he called again, wondering.

The faint rustle was repeated, then another pause, and then Helen Bell stood before him.

Helen, but how changed from her former self! He had never seen her thus, pale, with all the marks of sorrow on her face, dressed in a plain gown that showed off the long lines of her figure and made her look a different being from the girl in the wincey skirt whose heart he had won.

Very still and white she stood close to the door, as, utterly astounded, Robert rose to his feet.

"Helen," he cried, "you here! What has happened; what is wrong, my dearest?"

Despite his resolution, the familiar words of tenderness rose to his lips at the sight of her there, so pale and still, so unlike herself; but as he spoke her face began to change, the deathly whiteness before a delicate mantling flush, and all the quietness was broken and gone as, tears filling her lovely eyes and a wan smile quivering on her lips, she said with the confidence of an innocent child, "I knew I might come to you."

"To whom else should you go, my Helen? What troubles you? Tell me, my own."

And as he spoke he tenderly placed her in a chair. It was not possible to him at present to be cruel to any creature that he could see.

What he might be to one out of sight was another matter.

"My father is dead," said Helen simply.

"My poor child!" clasping her hand tightly.

"It's four days now since they buried him, and I had no word from you, and it made me afraid. And then yesternight I heard you had been away and were back, and I thought I would make bold and come and tell you all. I have no one else."

"Did you not have my letter?" he cried.

"No; but you did write? Oh, then I do

not mind. I was afraid—oh, sore afraid;" and the flushes came and went swiftly on her cheek and throat.

He drew her to him, and she hid her face on his shoulder, and was silent with a delicious sense of repose and safety.

"But I think of myself only," she said at last rousing herself: "maybe some of your own people were ill that ye were wanted so sudden like?"

"No, no; my mother wanted to see me, but there was nothing amiss."

He rose and began to pace the room in impatient perplexity.

Even here, in Helen's very presence, it was beginning to occur to him that things were arranging themselves very awkwardly for his happiness and comfort.

"Tell me about your poor father," he said, to break the silence; and Helen told him the simple story of a death-bed, so old and new, told every day, every hour by fresh lips with new heart pangs.

"And what are you going to do now?" he asked, as she finished with the words, "And next week I must leave our cottage."

"I do not know," she said; "that is why I came to you."

Her childlike confidence irritated him. He felt a growing impatience with himself for caring so much for her, for being so weakly swayed, as he felt he was, by her looks, her words, as well as a greater impatience with his mother, with Ethel Cadogan, nay, with the world at large, for placing him in such a cleft stick. Why could he not manage it somehow without hurting himself so much?

"What can I do?" he asked coldly. "And by the way, who let you in here? Did Mrs. McLachlin herself see you?"

The hint was enough; Helen rose to her feet, the crimson blushes of shame dyeing her face.

"I did wrong to come, I see," she said with dignity. "I'll go away now;" and she moved to the door.

But he could not let her go so. It wounded him too much.

He brought her back with tender, loving words and touches, beseeching her pardon, assuring her she had misunderstood him, and at length when she went, they parted as lovers part.

She had forgiven him, and he was to let her know what to do in three days at the most.

"I only have a home till this day week," she said with a sigh, "but I can earn my bread."

Helen went to her solitary cottage with the first doubt of Robert she had ever known lying like a dull pain at her heart. Hitherto the very lavishness of her love had hidden all defects:

> "As offerings nicely placed
> May hide Priapus to the waist;
> And whoso looks on him shall see
> An eligible deity."

But next day she upbraided herself for having even for one moment suffered the doubt to rest in her mind; and in the solemn solitudes of the hills, where she had resumed her work, all her thoughts of her love and of her lover grew pure and elevated once more, and mistrust and falseness alike seemed things that could not be.

That evening Robert came to her. He had said he could not see her for three days, because he wished to take time to consider his position: but as no amount of consideration could make his own desires agree, or even let him know which was the strongest, far less perceive how he could succeed in gratifying all at once, he found the process so unpleasant that he had cut it short by deciding not to make any decision, but to let himself be guided by chance and circumstances; and in that case the easiest and pleasantest thing was to see Helen at once.

And he was longing to see her. His heart beat fast as he drew near the little lonely cottage.

He cast a hasty glance up and down the road to see that no one observed him; he did not wish to draw upon her the coarse, ill-natured comment of neighbors, nor did he wish her innocence to be alarmed by good advice from any one who would of course not understand the circumstances.

Perhaps the hour that followed was the happiest of Helen's whole life. Robert was infinitely touched by her utter loneliness; he was loving, tender, and sympathetic.

The fact of being in her home with her, as he had never been before, watching her as she moved about, accepting her little ministrations as she made a cup of tea for him and brought it to him, stirred his heart strangely.

He began before he left to talk to her of the comfortable home they would have together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CLERGYMAN of Auburn, Me., after eating luncheon in a railroad eating-house, picked up what he thought was his bag and went on his journey. When he got home the bag was opened in the presence of his wife, who was grieved to see lying side by side several bottles which, according to their labels, contained fire-water of the strongest kind. The bag belonged to a drummer for a liquor house, and the drummer was also probably surprised when he found that in the bag that he had were three solid, orthodox sermons.

ASTOR ROW, on Fifth avenue, New York, is showing the cloven foot of business, and fashionables in that locality are "down on" the family for permitting the desecration.

The Midnight Visit.

BY E. S. S.

RAP—rap—*rap*. I was fast asleep and dreaming when I first heard it, and thought of a dusky gnome down in a gold mine who was shipping bits of gold off from the great masses of ore to put into my waste-paper basket, which I joyously held for him.

Rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap again. Now I knew that I was dreaming and tried my best not to wake up, but there was no help for it.

I felt my golden dream slipping away; I knew I was in bed at home.

I saw the sombre hangings of my very old-fashioned bed, the little night-lamp on the mantelpiece, my clothes about the room on chairs, the book-shelves all ghostly and shadowy in the faint light, but I felt no responsibility about getting up.

It was warm and snug under the counterpane, and cold outside, I knew.

Rap, rap, rap. Oh, let them knock. Wait, it wouldn't do.

I began to realize that I was a young physician, and that this loud rapping might be performed by a messenger from a patient.

Patients were not numerous, nor were they likely to be, I feared. Accordingly, I jumped out of bed and rushed to the window, and, lifting the sash, saw a dogcart, in which was seated a man, while another man, who had evidently alighted from it, stood at the door.

He stepped backward as he heard the noise I made in raising the window, and said, in the deep tones one naturally expects from a large man—

"The doctor?"

"Yes," I said.

"There has been an accident," he continued. "Bring your surgical instruments with you and come with us as soon as possible, if you please."

"In one moment," I replied; and, turning from the window, dressed myself, caught up my case of instruments, and hurried down the stairs.

The man who still stood in the road motioned me to step into the dogcart, and followed me.

We were wedged so closely together that it was quite impossible for me to move, but I could see that my companions wore caps drawn down over their eyes, and handkerchiefs tied about their necks and over their mouths.

The weather was scarcely cold enough to account for such muffling, and I had already begun to feel that all was not quite well, when the man who had spoken before addressed me.

"Doctor," he said, in the most conciliatory tone, "we are about to do something unusual, but I assure you that no harm is intended by us, and that none will follow. I desire to bandage your eyes with this handkerchief for awhile."

He produced a large square of yellow silk.

"It is soft and will not be injurious. It will be removed when you have arrived at your destination. I advise you to make no resistance, and I assure you that your fee will be an immense one, and that you will be brought back to your house safe and sound. Moreover, we can do by force what we desire to do with your permission, as we are both well armed."

For a moment I hesitated; then I thought that the men meant what they said—that it was not worth their while to rob me.

Nor could my life be desired by any one. I would see the adventure to an end, I said to them—

"I rely on your assurance. Do as you please."

In another moment the handkerchief was over my eyes, and we sped rapidly on in the darkness.

Our journey lasted for half an hour, as nearly as I could judge. When we stopped, the wheels had rattled for some time upon the stones of a badly paved street.

The man who drove had not spoken a word all this while; the other now once more addressed me.

"Trust entirely to me; you shall have the use of your eyes again in a moment," he said.

Then he guided me up two steps, and along what seemed to be an entry, which had an odor with which I was familiar owing to my calls at the poorer order of houses, a combination of dirt, soap-suds, coarse cookery, and tobacco.

Opening a door, he closed it instantly behind him, and turned a key in the lock.

"You may remove the handkerchief now, doctor," he said.

I obeyed at once. At first the light of a kerosene lamp dazzled me too much to allow me to see anything; but in a moment I was aware that I stood in a bare, white-washed room, the doors and windows of which were barred like those of a prison.

It contained a table and few chairs; on one of these sat a man in his shirt-sleeves.

His head was resting on his right hand in an attitude which indicated great suffering; the left hand was wrapped in a cloth and thrust into his bosom.

"This is the patient," said the spokesman of the party, and the man lifted his head, and I saw that he also had a kerchief fastened about the lower part of his face, while a cap was pulled down to his eyebrows. In effect, all three of the men were masked.

"The injury is very serious," continued the speaker. "It has been neglected during a journey. Kindly examine it at once."

Then the wounded man, without a word, held out his arm, from which the other removed the bandage; and I saw a hand from which the little finger had been recently torn away.

It was horribly swollen, and straight from the finger up the arm ran an inflamed red line.

I gazed at it in horror; nothing but an amputation could save the man's life; without it he must die in a few hours.

"I must have assistance. Call in some well-known surgeon. This is a case which I cannot undertake alone," I said.

"You must," replied the only man of the three who had yet spoken. "You are better for any case than some older men. This man knows already what you fear to tell him. He must—must lose his hand or die!"

I bowed.

"To-day it is his hand—to-morrow his arm," I said.

"We are ready to assist you," replied the spokesman.

"But—good heavens! I am not ready to perform so delicate an operation—to risk a life," I said.

"Your nerves are steady. You are a good surgeon. You are acting under orders. Divest yourself of all responsibility, and go to work. We have chloroform with us. You will find us all brave men," he replied.

As he spoke the injured man quietly laid his arm upon the table.

The deed was soon done. The patient, with his arm bound upon his breast, arose; and the spokesman now handed me a roll of coin.

"Count it," he said.

I obeyed. The money was gold—the sum, five hundred dollars.

"Are you satisfied?" inquired the spokesman.

I bowed.

He drew the handkerchief from his pocket, once more bandaged my eyes, and led me to the carriage. This time only one man rode with me.

A little way from my own door he set my eyes at liberty, and inquired if I had any objection to alighting then and there. To this I replied by instantly jumping down.

I bade him good-night.

And away he drove at a rapid rate. I returned to my house, almost fancying myself the victim of a dream. I was not likely to sleep that night.

I counted my money, hid it safely away, made my plans for its expenditure, and asked myself, over and over again, in what unlawful deed the men I had served had been engaged, and how the sufferer had been injured.

The wound was unlike anything I had ever seen; the effect produced by it unusual.

I lit my lamp, rekindled my fire, and sat down before it. As I did so my eyes fell upon the morning's paper.

It was lying still in its folds upon the table. I had not looked at it that day. As I took it up and opened it, the first word that struck my eye was this ghastly one—"Murder!" And beneath it lay this paragraph:

"A most horrible murder was committed last night. The victim was Evan Evans, a Welsh gentleman, fifty years of age, and reported to be a miser. He was ill with erysipelas, but refused to have a nurse. His house was entered and robbed, and personal violence was probably resorted to to extort from him a confession of the whereabouts of his valuables and money; for he was found covered with wounds, and with his teeth still tightly closed upon what proved to be a human finger, which he had bitten off. There is no doubt that the robbers secured a great amount of plunder, and there is terrible excitement in the neighborhood."

As I finished this paragraph the paper dropped from my hands, and I knew that I had been that night in the presence of the murderer of Evan Evans.

SECOND THOUGHTS.—A Berlin paper has this anecdote of Frederick the Great: "One autumn day he was reviewing the annual provincial manœuvres, and, as ill-luck would have it, everything seemed to go wrong. Finally one division of the Hussars made such a bad blunder that the king could no longer control his wrath, but spurred his horse, raised his cane in the air, and galloped after the captain. The latter, not being anxious to feel the weight of the king's cane on his shoulders, also spurred his horse, and after a long chase succeeded in escaping. Next day the general called on the king, and among other things announced his regret that Captain So-and-so had sent in his resignation; he did not know why, he said, but the captain had told him that something had happened which made it impossible for him to remain. "I am sorry to lose him," the general added; "he is one of our best officers." "Indeed!" said the king; "then tell him to come to me during the parade." When the king espied the captain at the parade he rode up to him and remarked, "I have promoted you to the rank of major. I wanted to tell you yesterday, but you were too fast for me."

No eloquence is so efficient as the mildness of a kind heart. The drops that fall gently upon the corn ripen and fill the ear; but violent storms beat down the growing crop and desolate the field.

Scientific and Useful.

A NEW ANÆSTHETIC.—Aniline oil has been found to be an excellent local anæsthetic in simple surgical operations, such as the opening of an abscess. A finger may be dipped for a short time into the oil, and although the flesh be cut to the bone there is said to be absolutely no pain.

TO REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Procure a piece of pumice-stone of fine grain and not very porous. Prepare for use by cutting the stone into a small square with rounded edges. Then rub it on a hard stone or file until it whole surface is quite smooth. When this is done, rub gently with it the part where the hairs grow, at first once a day, previously dipping the pumice-stone in warm water. One minute's rubbing will generally suffice to remove the hair. If any irritation of the skin ensues, apply a little salad-oil to the part. The rubbings may be made as often as is convenient, care being taken not to scrape the skin by too rough application.

REFRIGERATORS.—A new kind of refrigerator has been devised. The principle on which it acts is old enough, but the application of that principle is simple and interesting. An iron pipe two feet long and three and a half inches in diameter is filled with liquefied ammonia. To a stopcock at one end of this pipe is fitted a smaller pipe, which ultimately forms a coil within a cylinder about ten inches high and as many in diameter. This cylinder is made of wood and lined with hair-felt. The action of the apparatus is as follows: When the stopcock is turned on, the liquid ammonia rushes out in the form of gas, and absorbs so much heat that the temperature of surrounding bodies is immediately lowered. Any vessel placed within the coil inside the box can actually be lowered in temperature to sixty degrees of frost in a few minutes.

ASPHALTUM IN BUILDING.—The use of asphaltum in building is largely on the increase, being principally employed as a preventive against damp cellar walls and mason-work underground, also for water-tight cellar floors, coating for rain-water cisterns, covering for underground vaults, et-cætera. The usual method of applying it is to reduce to a semi-liquid state, in a large iron pot over a good fire, sufficient asphalt to about two-thirds fill it, care being taken that the flames does not rise over the top of the pot and ignite the asphalt. The wall is made as nearly dry as possible, and the joints somewhat rough, to admit of the asphalt penetrating the pores and securing a hold; the wall is then covered with asphalt, applied with a long handled brush, while the material is hot. This is well brushed in, a coating one-half inch thick being as perfect a protective as a thicker one.

Farm and Garden.

THE POULTRY.—Wire netting, two-inch mesh, is now cheaper than boards as material for fencing poultry, and can be more easily arranged and with less labor.

WINDMILLS.—Once a wind-mill shall have been put up the power will cost nothing. It will not only pump water, but grind grain, operate a saw, turn the grindstone and perform other valuable service.

CANNED.—Milk may be canned just as you would can fruit. Bring the milk to the boiling point and fill your jars to the brim with it; then shut air-tight. This will keep any length of time and be just as good when opened as when it was put up.

CARE OF PEARS.—The French, who export pears, cover the inside of the boxes with spongy paper or dry moss, which absorbs the moisture. The pears can be thus kept a month or more. They are closely packed, but do not touch each other.

STRAW.—When straw is thrown in the barn-yard, to be added to the manure heap, it does not rot quickly, but if cut into short lengths, used as bedding and then thrown into the barn-yard it decays rapidly, and is more easily handled when loading the manure into the wagons.

THE HORSE.—To procure a good coat on your horse naturally, use plenty of scrubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin, and promotes the animal's general health. Use curry comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain. Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grease and sore heels.

ITS VALUE.—In estimating the value of manure it must not be overlooked that water is a prominent ingredient. In 35 tons of ordinary barn-yard manure there are 25,000 pounds of water, 250 pounds phosphoric acid, 200 pounds potash and 225 pounds nitrogen. This estimate, however, depends upon the kind of manure; but the proportion of plant food is small compared with the bulk.

ARTIFICIAL WHETSTONE.—Gelatine of good quality is dissolved in its own weight of water, the operation being conducted in a dark room. To the solution 1½ per cent. of bichromate of potash is added, which has previously been dissolved in a little water. A quantity of very fine emery, equal to nine times the weight of the gelatine, is intimately mixed with the gelatine solution. Pulverized flint may be substituted for emery. The mass is molded into any desired shape and is then consolidated by heavy pressure. It is dried by exposure to strong sunlight for several hours.

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The Pleasure of Knowing.

The pleasure and delight of knowledge and learning far surpasseth all other in nature, says the great writer, Bacon; for shall the pleasures of the affections so exceed the pleasures of the senses, as much as the obtaining of desire or victory exceedeth a song or a dinner; and must not, of consequence, the pleasures of the intellect or understanding exceed the pleasures of the affections?

We see in all other pleasures there is a satiety, and after they be used their verdure departeth; which showeth well they be but deceits of pleasure and not pleasure, and that it was the novelty which pleased and not the quality; and therefore we see that voluptuous men turn from the world, and ambitious princes turn melancholy. Of knowledge there is no satiety, but satisfaction and appetite are perpetually interchangeable, and therefore appeareth to be good in itself simply, without fallacy or accident.

Learning taketh away the wildness, and barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds; though a little superficial learning doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but examined and tried.

It taketh away vain admiration of any thing, which is the root of all weakness; for all things are admired either because they are new or because they are great. For novelty, no man wadeth in learning or contemplation thoroughly, but will find that printed in his heart, "I know nothing."

Neither can any man marvel at the play of puppets that goeth behind the curtain and adviseth well of the motion. And for magnitude, as Alexander the Great, after that he was used to great armies and the great conquests of the spacious provinces in Asia, when he received letters out of Greece of some fights and services there, which were commonly for a passage, or a fort, or some walled town at the most, he said, "It seemed to him that he was advertised of the battle of the frogs and the mice, that the old tales wont of."

So certainly, if a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it, the divineness of souls excepted, will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust.

It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune; which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfections of manners. For if a man's mind be deeply seasoned with the consideration of the mortality and corruptible nature of things, he will easily concur with Epictetus, who went forth one day and saw a woman weeping for her pitcher of earth that was broken, and went forth the next day and saw a woman weeping for her son that was dead, and thereupon said, "Yesterday I saw a fragile thing broken, to-day I have seen a mortal thing die." And therefore Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together.

It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind, sometimes purging the ill humors, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and ulcerations thereof, and the like; and therefore we must conclude with: the chief reason of all, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation.

For the unlearned man knows not what it is to descend into himself, or to call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves to become better. The good parts he hath he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them. The faults he hath he will learn how to hide and color them, but not to amend them; like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man, the man who tries to know, it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

When the edge of appetite is worn down and the spirits of youthful days are cooled, which hurried us on in a circle of pleasure and impertinence, then reason and reflection will have the weight that they deserve. Affliction or the bed of sickness will supply the place of conscience. And if they should fail, old age will overtake us at last, and show us the past pursuits of life, and force us to look upon them in their true point of view. If there is anything more to cast a cloud upon so melancholy a prospect as this shows us, it is surely the difficulty and hazard of having all the works of the day to perform in the last hour; of making an atonement to God when we have no sacrifice to offer Him but the dregs and infirmities of those days when we could have no pleasure in sin.

Get gentleness, soberness, desire to do good, friendship, the love of many, and truth above all the rest. A great part to have all these things, is to desire to have them. And although glory and honest name are not the very ends wherefore these things are to be followed, yet surely they must needs follow them as light followeth fire, though it were kindled for warmth. Out of these things the chiefest and infallible ground is the dread and reverence of God, whereupon shall ensue the eschewing of the contraries of these said virtues; that is to say, ignorance, unkindness, rashness, desire of harm, unquiet enmity, hatred, many and crafty falsehoods, the very root of all shame and dishonesty.

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm, let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyes loosened with sickness, let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

Let the greatest part of the news thou hearest be the least part of what thou believeth, lest the greatest part of what thou believeth be the least part of what is true. Where lies are easily admitted, the father of lies will not easily be excluded.

The taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them. But we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement.

Anger is not always a defect, writes an old-time author, nor an inordinateness in man. Be angry and sin not. Anger is not utterly to be rooted out of our ground and cast away, but transplanted. A gardener does well to grub up thorns in his garden; there they would hinder good herbs from growing. But he does well to plant those thorns in his hedges; there they keep bad neighbors from entering. In many cases, where there is no anger, there is not much zeal.

Reader, whether young or old, think it not too soon or too late to turn over the leaves of thy past life; and be sure to fold down where any passage of it may affect thee, and bestow thy remainder of time to correct those faults in thy future conduct, be it in relation to this or the next life. What thou wouldst do if what thou hast done were to do again, be sure to do as long as thou livest upon the like occasions.

Since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss, he that composeth his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtue, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune.

The great business of man is the regulation of his spirit; the possession of such a frame and temper of mind as will lead us peaceably through this world and in the many weary stages of it, afford us what we shall be sure to stand in need of—rest unto our souls.

Adversity has often developed strength, energy, fortitude and persistence that prosperity could never have produced. The dignity of self-support and self-respect often has been gained when an external prop has been removed,

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To tremble at the sight of thy sin makes thy faith the less apt to tremble. The devils believe and tremble, because they tremble at what they believe. Their belief brings trembling. Thy trembling brings belief.

If thou stand guilty of oppression, or wrongfully possessed of another's right, see thou make restitution before thou givest an alms. If otherwise, what art thou but a thief, and makest God thy receiver.

People who get through an immense amount of work are always those who know that idling must not be allowed to put forth a covetous hand and steal five minutes here and half an hour there. Every moment is valuable.

If evil men speak good, or good men evil, of thy conversation, examine all thy actions and suspect thyself. But if evil men speak evil of thee, hold it as thy honor.

Taught by experience to know my own blindness, shall I speak as if I could not err, and as if others might not in some disputed points be more enlightened than myself?

Letters should be easy and natural, and convey to the persons to whom we send them just what we should say to the persons if we were with them.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer.

Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last bestowing them to the benefit of others that need.

Pity the distressed and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

The World's Happenings.

Paper types, of large size, are now in use.

Twenty-four per cent. of Norway is forest.

London has 37 theatres, 27 music halls and 36 concert rooms.

Scarfs and neckties of metal are a new German invention.

Orange, N. J., has five base ball teams, all made up of hatters.

Aunt Patsy Bugg, of Bugg's Postoffice, Ky., is almost 105 years old.

A naturalized Chinaman wants to be constable in New Haven, Conn.

The Queen of Sweden has been operated upon surgically for internal cancer.

Two hundred and sixty-two pairs of twins were born in Chicago during 1886.

A Chinese lady with a two and one-half inch foot is to be seen at a dime show in New York city.

A horse in Edinburgh, Scotland, dexterously catches rats that come anywhere near his manger.

Arion, Kansas, has for its present mayor Mrs. Susanna M. Salter, daughter of the town's first mayor.

There is to be a Scotch Presbyterian Church in Boston, in which services will be conducted in Gaelic.

It takes the tusks of 75,000 elephants per year to supply the world's piano keys, billiard balls and knife-handles.

It is estimated that 8,000,000 of umbrellas are made in this country annually. The number imported is not stated.

A man in Pennsylvania bought a pair of white rabbits a year ago. He now has 70 rabbits, the offspring of the original pair.

The residents of an avenue in Pittsburg arose on a recent morning to find that rascals had carried off the steps of their dwellings.

Postmaster C. W. Roby, at Portland, Oregon, has appointed his wife to the office of Assistant Postmaster, at a salary of $127 per month.

Too many royal pulls at the brandy bottle by a pair of bearded lips are said to have caused the separation of King Milan, of Servia, and his Queen.

Tortoises, eagles, parrots, crocodiles, crows and swans live to be 100 years old; carp and pike, from 100 to 150, and the elephant, 150 to 300 years.

A Parisian recently sent a bathtub to a gentleman in Naples as a present, and received a note a day or two after asking when the oars were coming.

One of the Pope's Easter gifts was an egg carved from a block of the finest ivory, lined with quilted satin, and inclosing a ruby and several diamonds.

The Commissioners of Harlem Park, Baltimore, have made kissing and hugging in the Park a misdemeanor, the penalty being a fine of from $5 to $25.

In the cabin of Hale H. Crary, a hermit, who lived in the woods near Sugartown, N. Y., and died there recently, were found coin, jewelry, etc., valued at over $70,000.

The three United States Mints are situated at San Francisco, New Orleans and Philadelphia. United States bank notes are all printed and issued from the Treasury Department at Washington.

Rev. John Webb and a big black bear met recently in the woods of Pocahontas county, W. Va. The clergyman was a tangled web for five hours, but finally killed the bear with his pocket-knife.

One effect of Prohibition in Iowa is said to be the appearance of new signs on certain small buildings in back counties. Some of these signs read thus: "Druck Sto." "Drog Stoer." "Drugg Stower."

The mayor-elect of Knoxville, Ill., has been tried, convicted and fined on the charge of "impersonating an officer." He had anticipated his own powers by deposing a marshal before being qualified himself.

A free library is being established in New York by the Odd Fellows of that city, and nearly 25,000 books have been secured by charging one book for each admission to entertainments in the interest of the enterprise.

Very few people know that, as the violet was the chosen flower of the Napoleons, scarlet carnation was the chosen flower of the Stuarts. To this day mysterious hands yearly deposit at Frascati, and in St. Peter's, in Rome, where lie the remains of the Cardinal of York and other members of the House of Stuart, wreaths of scarlet carnations.

A Spartan-like judge had his own son before him this week in the Adams, Indiana, circuit court, at Decatur, and punished him from the bench for intoxication and assault and battery, but he seems to have let up lightly upon the young man—$2 for the drunk and $5 for the assault. The son, who was recently admitted to the bar, is twenty-one years old.

Two lads who worked a neat swindling act were tripped up in Chicago recently. They dealt in stolen dogs, and while one was out "finding canines that were not lost" the other would be restoring the booty of the previous day to the owners, and receive the reward offered through the newspapers. When captured the youngsters had 80 odd dogs on hand.

A bill has been introduced in the Quebec Legislature which is making a great stir throughout Canada. It provides that a crucifix shall be set up in a conspicuous place before every witness-box in the province, and that every witness not a Quaker shall be required "to lift his right hand in front of the crucifix and to place his left hand on the book of the Evangelists, and to cause him to swear before the crucifix and upon the Holy Evangelists to tell the truth and the whole truth in the cause in which he is to be heard as a witness."

THE WIFE.

BY W. J. D.

She is my wife, and all the livelong day
I think of her;
And in the deep oblivion of the night
I dream of her.

When she is near a sweet and tender calm
Falls softly on my heart with soothing balm,
Like the murmur'd sound of an angel's psalm
Pleading for man.

She is my life, if love is life's author,
Guardian and friend,
Guiding my feet from the pitfalls of woe
E'er to the end.

When she is far my heart is sore oppressed
And sadly beats against my weary breast,
Like prisoned bird that seeks its distant nest
With restless wing.

She is my soul, if from the soul there leaps
That holy fire
That scorcheth at its birth the poisoned glance
Of base desire.

She lights me as of old o'er desert sand
And during vales of sense was lit that band
That followed Moses to the promised land
Of rest and peace.

Ah! wife of mine, my wife, my soul, my all,
Be ever near.
May chilling shadow of thy loss ne'er fall
Upon me here.

But down the opening aisles of future years
Be by my side to quell the rising tears
That flow from hidden springs of doubts and fears
Within my breast.

Concarnec.

BY FRANK ATELL.

CAPTAIN Arthur Trevennen had just returned from India, where he had been soldiering for the last five years, and though he had seen some smart work on the North-West Frontier, had managed to escape scatheless from the perils of climate, lead and steel.

Both parents having died during his sojourn in the East, he found the emptiness and gloom of his own place in Dorsetshire so depressing that; in spite of the opportunity of indulging at his ease his taste for art afforded by the magnificent studio built for him in his absence, after a week spent in arranging the affairs of the estate, which had been somewhat neglected of late he resolved to accept his old friend Jemmy Burden's invitation to join him and his wife at the lively and fashionable little Breton watering place of Dinard, where they had taken a villa for the summer.

The Trevennens themselves were of Breton descent, their family having fled from France at the sudden rising of the peasants in '93.

They had bought a small estate in Dorsetshire with money which the family had like many of their countrymen, prudently invested in English securities in anticipation of the troubles to come, and having become naturalized, abandoning their French title, had lived the quiet and peaceable lives of English country gentlemen up to the present time.

How the Trevennens lost their Breton estate of Concarnec, which lies about twenty miles inland from the old seaport town of St. Malo, is a somewhat curious story, which it would be as well here to narrate for the better understanding of subsequent events.

When the long expected crash came in '93, and all the nobles were forced to fly for their lives before the frantic mob of peasants who were burning, murdering, and pillaging all before them throughout the country, the Marquis of Trevennen, great grandfather of our hero, having seen his family safe on board ship at St. Malo, returned to make the final arrangements with his trusted steward, Jean Ribault, in whose charge the chateau was to be left in the enforced absence of its proprietor, in the hopes that the mob might be less inclined to wreck and destroy the property of honest citizen Jean Ribault than that of the hated aristocrat, the Marquis of Trevennen.

The marquis, however, had underrated the fury and rapidity of movement of the revolutionists. Concarnec was surrounded, and its unfortunate owner seized and decapitated.

When things had settled down again and order was restored, Clovis de Trevennen, son of the murdered marquis, returned to reassume possession of the family estates, which Ribault had succeeded in preserving almost uninjured. The steward, however, refused to give them up.

"Where are your title deeds, Citoyen Trevennen?" said Ribault with a sardonic smile.

"You have them, you villain!" replied Clovis, who knew that they had been in his father's possession when he was killed by the insurgents.

"You are right," answered the steward, "and what is more, I intend keeping them. I advanced your father in his lifetime much money, on the faith of those deeds deposited with me, and I have now taken possession of my own."

This Clovis well knew to be absolutely false, but the steward had firm hold of title deeds and estate, besides being in favor with the Republican Government, so it being useless to appeal to the law, he was obliged to return to England in impotent wrath, leaving his beloved inheritance in the hands of the scoundrel Ribault, whose descendants were still in possession of the fair lands which by right belonged to our hero.

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After a couple of months spent in lounging about Dinard, Arthur Trevennen resolved to tear himself away for a few days from flirting, lawn tennis, and other fascinations of the gay and sunny little watering place, and make an expedition incog. to the old chateau of which his ancestors had been so cruelly and unjustly deprived.

Accordingly one fine afternoon, having crossed over the crazy old ferryboat connecting modern frivolous Dinard and old-world, sober St. Malo, he took his place on the diligence that crawled daily along the hilly road between St. Malo and St. Pol de Guirec, the nearest town to Concarnec.

After nearly four hours' dusty jingling through a lovely undulating country, where leafy orchards and rich corn land alternated with wild heaths and dense fir woods, the driver who had stopped at every village and roadside inn for a drink, and who had been everywhere greeted as "Papa Nourris," suddenly woke up to unwonted energy, and redoubling his oaths and crackings of whip dashed into a dirty narrow street, paved with cobblestones and swarming with children, which proved to be the approach to St. Pol de Guirec.

After passing through a narrow archway, part of the ancient fortifications which still surrounded the town, and bumping along two or three rough and tortuous streets, the diligence pulled up at the Hotel de Bretagne, where the usual crowd of loafers was awaiting its daily excitement.

Arthur dismounted and, informing the hostess that he should probably stay for a few days, inquired at what hour the dinner was served.

The hostess told him that the six o'clock dinner was finished, but that something was always in readiness for any chance arrival by the diligence, and that in a few minutes he should have an excellent dinner.

While discussing this luxurious repast Arthur drew the waiter into conversation, and asking indifferently what objects of interest there were to be seen in the neighborhood, skillfully introduced the subject of the Chateau de Concarnec.

"Ah! Concarnec, monsieur," replied Joseph, "that, indeed, is one of the most beautiful chateaux of the country; but unless monsieur is acquainted with some of the family he will not find it easy to gain admittance. No stranger, and but few friends are ever received at the chateau."

"Indeed," replied Arthur; "that is a pity, as I wished to make a sketch of it."

"Ah, well," said Joseph deprecatingly, "if monsieur only wishes to make a sketch of the exterior I have no doubt but that monsieur will be permitted that much; but," with a wriggle and an insinuating smirk, "he is too young and handsome to be admitted into the interior of the fortress."

On an ordinary occasion Arthur would speedily have silenced the garrulous waiter, having in full the insular prejudice against servants' gossip; but he reflected that perhaps the discursive Joseph might afford him some useful information; so, offering him a glass of wine, he inquired carelessly why the portals of Concarnec were closed to youth and beauty.

"Ah! but it is on account of Mademoiselle Berthe," sighed Joseph sympathetically; "she is to marry with Toussaint the Vicomte de Pain-Sec, and Monsieur Ribault naturally fears lest the sight of any one less hideous and shrivelled than the vicomte should rouse again the resistance which they say he has had so much difficulty in overcoming."

"And," continued Arthur, who was beginning to be really interested, "who is Mdlle. Berthe and who is this Vicomte de Pain-Sec?"

Joseph here gently hinted that his throat was getting somewhat dry. However, his wants having been duly attended to, he again took up the thread of his discourse.

"Mdlle. Berthe is the sweetest and loveliest young lady whom I, Joseph Brieux have ever had the honor of waiting on. She is but eighteen years old, and her blue eyes and chestnut hair are the admiration of all the men and the envy of all the women in the department of Finisterre. How such a bright, sweet-tempered angel can be the daughter of such a crabbed old stick as hard-hearted Gustave Ribault passes my comprehension. As for the Vicomte de Pain-Sec," continued Joseph, on whom the wine was beginning to have some effect, "that, of course, is only his nick-name. He is the Vicomte de Frehel de Beauregarde, and is as mean and ugly as he is old and rich. Ah! what a husband for poor Mdile. Berthe," groaned Joseph, with tears—engendered partly by sympathy and still more by the generous wine he had been imbibing—rolling down his pasty cheeks.

"Well," said Arthur, stretching himself lazily, "I must trust to luck for a sight of the chateau," and, lighting a cigar, he strolled out to the square to listen to the band and watch the citizens of St. Pol de Guirec enjoying the balmy evening air.

Next morning, after an early breakfast, Arthur, having procured by means of his friend Joseph a boy to aid in carrying his sketching materials, wended his way along the narrow twisting lanes through which his little guide told him lay the shortest route to his destination.

Leaving behind him the outskirts of the town, with its market gardens and washing places, where chattering women were busy belaboring the rather coarse garments of the people of Guirec, he soon found himself among the usual apple orchards and hilly fields, and at length, after an hour's dusty tramp, perceived in a wooden valley below him, peeping above the thick beech and chestnut trees, some grey pointed turrets, which his guide informed him were those of the chateau.

Arthur, having reconnoitered the ground dismissed his little guide, passed the old green stagnant moat, and boldly entered the great square courtyard, three sides of which were surrounded by the chateau, a chapel, a high, round stone tower, and various outbuildings, while the remaining portion was bounded by the ivy-grown wall of the old-fashioned terraced garden, into which a double flight of stone steps, with a handsome gate at the top, gave admittance.

Arthur stood for some moments contemplating the sombre surroundings, which seemed dimly to recall to his memory some scene or spot he must have known in former years, till he was disturbed from his reverie by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Turning hastily round, he found himself face to face with a tall distinguished-looking old gentleman with a short, white beard and grey hair, dressed in a loose, well made suit of American drill, who, lifting ceremoniously his broad-brimmed Panama hat, inquired distantly whom Arthur might be seeking. Arthur, though he had always pictured the wrongful possessor of Concarnec as a vulgar, ill-mannered boor, correctly surmised that this gentlemanly interlocutor was Monsieur Ribault.

"I trust monsieur will pardon me," courteously returning the salutation, "but I am a painter, and having heard so much while travelling in Brittany of the beauties of the old Chateau de Concarnec, I hoped I might be allowed to make a sketch of it."

The old man reflected for a moment, and then replied coldly:

"If monsieur is desirous of taking a view of the outside of the chateau from either avenue, I have no objection. Good morning, sir," and moving away with another polite bow, he disappeared through the arched doorway of the main building.

This was not exactly what Arthur wanted, but after such a very plain hint he saw clearly that for the present at least there was no hope of obtaining admission to the inhospitable stronghold, so he decided to relinquish operations for that day and returned on the next to avail himself of the meagre concession that had been granted him.

On the morrow, having carefully selected a sight in the beech avenue, close to the moat, which commanded an excellent view of the west side of the chateau and principal entrance to the courtyard, Arthur set himself seriously to work, and before the six o'clock angelus sounded from the bell which hung over the little chapel, had already got nearly half way towards the completion of a really beautiful picture of the old ivy-clad walls and massive gateway of Concarnec.

He was just about to pack up when he was disturbed by the approach of a strange looking conveyance, the like of which he had never seen before; the principal part of it being, apparently, a huge dusty leathern hood, swinging unsteadily on a mass of rusty jingling springs, drawn by a venerable brown quadruped, several sizes too large for the vehicle behind him.

Arthur was hastily removing his things from the road when he heard a voice proceeding from the cavernous depths of the hood, excitedly calling out:

"Let me out, let me out."

The machine pulled up and out jumped the owner of the voice, a fat, rosy-faced little cure.

"Monsieur will grant me permission to see his beautiful picture, will he not? I am so fond of art. Ah! but how lovely; how true to nature. Descend then, quick, Monsieur Ribault, and look at the gentleman's painting."

Monsieur Ribault, though not so enthusiastic as the little cure, seemed struck by Arthur's sketch and muttered:

"Ah, yes, very good, very good. Are you ready, M. le cure; shall we proceed?"

"Wait a moment, my friend," said the cure, and taking Monsieur Ribault on one side he spoke eagerly to him for a brief space, then returned smiling to Arthur.

"Perhaps, sir, when you come to-morrow to complete your sketch you will be able to spare a few minutes to look at the picture gallery of the chateau; M. Ribault would be glad of your opinion about some of the old portraits, which we fear are being injured by the damp."

Arthur was only too delighted at the unexpected opportunity of seeing the interior of the old home of his ancestors, so gladly accepted the proposition, and it was agreed that at eleven o'clock next day the cure should be ready to conduct him through the picture gallery.

Arthur was careful to be punctual to his appointment, and found his talkative little friend of the previous evening sitting on the bank of the avenue impatiently waiting for him.

"Ah! at last, here you are; I feared lest you might have forgotten our engagement. I am so glad to have a chance of saving the old pictures, which, truth to say, my good friend M. Ribault sadly neglects. I have begged him for years to have them attended to by some competent artist; but always he puts me off, and the pictures are rapidly being destroyed. Oh! but it is a pity!" he cried despairingly—"but first," with a sudden change of tone, "let us introduce ourselves. I am Philippe Duclos cure of this parish and chaplain to M. Ribault."

"And I," returned Arthur, who had foreseen the emergency might arise and to mention his real name in Concarnec might cause its gates to be shut in his face, "I am Arthur Trevor, painter by profession at your service."

By this time they had reached the door of the chateau, and passing through it entered a large stone paved hall, facing the entrance of which were two large grey stones pointed archways—one leading to the kitchen, the door of which stood hospitably open, disclosing the cook clattering about in her wooden sabots, preparing the mid-day meal; the other opening on a winding stone staircase, up which the curate nimbly mounted, and arriving at the top turned into a long oak-panelled passage, imperfectly lighted by a large oriel window at the further end.

Down each side were the old portraits irregularly hung, and from the mildewed and mouldy condition of both canvas and frames, evidently but little valued by their owner.

"Are all these ancestors of Monsieur Ribault?" asked Arthur, feeling considerable curiosity as to the reply.

"Well, no," replied the cure, hesitating slightly. "Most of them are those of the former owners, from whom Monsieur Ribault's grandfather acquired the chateau during the Revolution; but I am an amateur of art myself, and it is my opinion that some of the older ones are genuine and valuable works of our celebrated old painters. Hence my great anxiety to have them preserved."

At this moment Arthur's attention was diverted from the prattle of his companion by the opening of one of the doors giving on to the gallery, and a couple of English fox-terriers bounded into the room, followed by the graceful figure of a girl, who, on seeing Arthur, hesitated and was about to retire, when the cure advancing quickly exclaimed:

"Pardon, Mdlle. Berthe; permit me to present to you my good friend, Monsieur Arthur Trevor, a distinguished painter, one of that nation of whom you are so great an admirer."

Arthur thought he had never seen in his many travels so fair a picture as this white-robed, sunny-haired maiden, shown off against the background of dark oak panelling, but hastily collecting his scattered wits, he stammered out some incoherent

phrases expressive of his great pleasure in making the acquaintance of Mdlle. Berthe, who acknowledged his compliment with a slight bow, and turning to the cure remarked quietly:

"I came to tell you that the table is waiting."

The cure considered for a moment, and then, extending his hand cordially to Arthur, said:

"Let me beg you, Monsieur Trevor, to join us at our mid-day meal. M. Ribault will, I am sure, be delighted to see you."

Trevennen had good reason for doubting the truth of this latter statement, but having fully made up his mind not to miss any opportunity of extending his acquaintance with the Chateau de Concarnec, his interest in which since his introduction to its fair young chatelaine had increased mightily, he jumped at this welcome offer and, arm-in arm with his new friend, followed Berthe through a curtained door into the dining-room, where Monsieur Ribault was already seated.

The old man, while not actually discourteous, treated Trevennen during the repast with a certain brusqueness of manner, which, however, the latter studiously ignored, keeping up an animated conversation with the cure and Berthe, whose tastes and pursuits he was delighted to find more nearly resembled those of an English girl than he would have imagined possible from the experience he had had of the conventional French girls he was accustomed to meet on the shore at Dinard.

The table having been cleared and coffee brought in, Mdlle. Ribault withdrew, and her father at once introduced the subject of the pictures.

"What do you think of my portrait, Monsieur Trevor?"

"Some of them are undoubtedly very fine," replied Arthur, "but they are all in a sad state from want of care and attention."

"Would you be willing to undertake the restoration of them for me? I would remunerate you liberally for your time and labour. You will, I think, consider that if I give you board and lodging during the period you are occupied and fifty francs for each picture the terms are not ungenerous."

Arthur, though inwardly much amused at the "generous terms," decided immediately to accept them, seeing that in the execution of his task, he would have many opportunities of exploring the old chateau and also of pursuing his acquaintance with the heiress. To his inquiry, when he should commence work, the old gentleman replied curtly that an apartment would be prepared immediately for him in the tower on the opposite side of the courtyard, but that the cure would arrange all such details, as he had no time to occupy himself with these things; so having conferred with his ally, one of the farm servants and a donkey were despatched for his effects, and the same evening found Arthur, much to his surprise, an inmate, if not exactly a guest of the hitherto inaccessible Chateau de Concarnec.

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After a week spent partly in conscientious labor in the picture gallery and partly in wandering about the lovely old terraced gardens and woods of Concarnec, Arthur began to discover that not only was he making good progress with his task, but that he was also falling seriously in love with Berthe, of whose society he had enjoyed a larger share than he otherwise perhaps might have, had not Monsieur Ribault and the good cure evidently imagined that no dangerous attentions were to be feared from so insignificant a person as the "English painter."

And truly it was not to be in any way marvelled at that Arthur Trevennen should lose his heart to the lovely piquante young mistress of the chateau, whose pretty broken English even though the grammar was perhaps a little faulty, sounded to him so soft and silvery when contrasted with the society slang and nasal cockneyism he had but a short ten days ago found so amusing on the beach at Dinard. One morning early, as he sat at work in the gallery putting some finishing touches to a curled and powdered ancestor of his own, the little cure entered and, after a few compliments on the good progress he was making, proposed to him that, as the family, including himself, were going to table with the Marquis de Freinel, he should accompany them, as the latter's chateau overlooking the valley of the Kerdean was well worth a visit both on account of the lovely scenery where it was situated and the works of art it contained. Arthur, to whose memory the name of Freinel brought back with a sudden pang of dismay the story told him by Josepin the talkative waiter, accepted eagerly, hoping to find out for himself how the land lay.

At eleven o'clock, the hour named by the cure, Arthur, crossed the courtyard to the door of the chateau, where, on perceiving the equipages destined to convey the party on their expedition, he was seized with an inclination to burst out laughing which he had some difficulty in restraining.

An old carriage with its huge leather hood, headed the way, and in it were seated Monsieur and Mdlle. Ribault, while behind stood a little battered green donkey-cart, with a plank across it strapped to the sides for a seat, on which was perched the cure waiting for Arthur, who solemnly took his seat.

"Off we go!" shrieked Ange, cracking his whip from the box.

"Off it is!" screamed the cure, and the caravan proceeded.

Arthur soon perceived that, from the rickety state of the conveyances and the patched nature of the harness, tied up in many places with string, a few difficulties and delays might occur on the road.

Nothing worse, however, happened than the cure and Arthur being left stranded for a short time on the first hill owing to their donkey, while being cursed as a moribund stag, slipping entirely free from all his charioteers till caught and brought back by Arthur.

At last, however, they reached in safety the Chateau de Beauregard, where they found the Ribaults had arrived some half hour before after an uneventful journey. Arthur, in spite of all he had heard of the peculiarities of his host's appearance, was far from being prepared for the reality which now met his gaze.

A man about sixty years of age, of tiny stature, with hawklike features, whose chief expression was one of mingled cunning and meanness, beady black eyes and a huge pair of well-waxed moustaches with a small imperial; his dress consisting of a bright blue coat, tightly buttoned into a ridiculously small waist, the skirts sticking out like those of a ballet dancer, white duck trousers of an exaggerated peg-top type strapped under a pair of diminutive boots. Such was the bridegroom whom Monsieur Ribault destined for his fair young daughter, the sight of whom made Arthur determined to do his utmost to rescue the intended victim from her impending fate.

After a scanty any ill-served breakfast, Monsieur Ribault and the little "Pain-Sec" retired to the latter's sanctum to wrangle over the never-ending question of the dowry, and the cure having slipped away to call upon a neighboring vicaire, Arthur and Berthe wandered out into the garden alone and unmolested. Arthur by this time had fully made up his mind that he would not only do his best to save Berthe from the marquis, but that he would also endeavor to win her for himself, though the obstacles in the way appeared almost insurmountable.

With some difficulty he gradually wrung from the timid maiden an avowal that he was not indifferent to her and how gladly she would entrust her future happiness into his keeping could he only gain her father's consent, but that sooner than disobey her parent's commands, she would resign herself to his wishes and marry the hateful marquis, though her heart might break in so doing.

Arthur's thoughts were occupied during the return journey in endeavoring to devise some means whereby his apparently hopeless suit might be brought to a favorable end, but could see no ray of light before him, and the good cure, with whom he had become a great favorite, made many vain attempts to rouse him from his preoccupation, which, far from guessing its real origin, the little priest attributed to a sudden indisposition brought on by the atrocious viands of old Pain-Sec.

After a sleepless night past in pondering over his difficulties, Arthur rose early next day and went into the gallery, intending to commence work on one of the finest portraits in the gallery and one that possessed most interest for him.

It was of his grandfather, the last Trevennen who had held possession of Concarnec and who had been so foully murdered on his own threshold.

While in act of removing the canvas from the frame his attention was attracted by a small thin gold plate which had been tightly wedged between the back of the canvas and the frame. Wondering much what it was and how it could have got into such a curious position he pulled it out and examined it carefully.

As far as Arthur could make out it seemed to be the lid of an old snuff-box which had been broken off and was covered on the inside with writing which had been scratched on it by some sharp pointed instrument. After giving it a few rubs with his handkerchief he was enabled to decipher the inscription, of which the following is a literal translation:

"My Son—Fearing treachery I concealed the title deeds under the sun-dial in the garden. Betrayed by Ribault, the rebels are on me; farewell.—Trevenen. I pray this may be found by an honest man who will convey this to my son Clovis in England.

Arthur read over and over again this strange message from the dead, and it was some time before his bewildered mind was enabled to grasp the full meaning of the words; the true villainy of the first Ribault was not apparent.

The old marquis' death had been planned by the faithless steward with a view to possessing himself of Concarnec; a plot that had succeeded but too well; but now, unless by some chance the old sun-dial had been disturbed since the tragic event, dire retribution would be visited on the children.

Having thought the matter quietly over for a few minutes the immense change in his prospects of obtaining Ribault's consent to his marriage with his daughter became clearly manifest to Arthur.

If he could once obtain possession of the title deeds, they in conjunction with the writing on the gold plate, would be clear evidence of the guilt of Ribault's grandfather, and though he knew nothing of the legal aspect of the case, still he was convinced that the fear of exposure and disgrace would certainly prevail on a proud reserved man like the present owner of Concarnec sufficiently to induce him to consent to almost any terms to have the scandal kept from public knowledge.

No difficulty presented itself in searching under the old sun-dial. It was Monsieur Ribault's custom every day when he was at home to start off on his stout Breton cob at two o'clock in order himself to see what had been done by his laborers on the farm, and to assure himself that he was not being defrauded of a sou's worth of work.

Accordingly, as soon as the old man was fairly out of the courtyard, Arthur, having procured a spade from the table, walked slowly and with beating heart to where the old sundial stood in the walled garden.

After a vigorous shove the moss-grown column lay on the ground, and, having removed a few spadefuls of earth, Arthur's eyes were met by the sight of a small tin deed-box.

Strange to say, he had been so thoroughly convinced of the fact of the deeds being under the dial that Arthur felt no particular surprise or elation on finding his hopes realized, and picking up the box he returned to his room in the tower to examine his find at his leisure, without making any attempt to restore the garden to its wonted order.

On opening the box any lingering doubt was speedily removed. Before him were most certainly the title deeds of Concarnec, and the game was in his hands. The steps of Monsieur Ribault's horse entering the courtyard roused Arthur from the pleasant reverie into which he had fallen, and walking across to the chateau he asked if he could be granted a few minutes' conversation.

"Certainly, I am at your service," and leading the way into the salon, Monsieur Ribault motioned Arthur into a chair.

"I may as well begin by telling you that my name is Trevennen, and that my great-grandfather was murdered here at his own chateau in '93——"

"Indeed," replied Ribault with a sneer; "I was unaware that I was entering such a distinguished gentleman."

"Wait a little," continued Arthur. "Your grandfather promised to keep the chateau safe till affairs became settled, and then restore it to my family. This pledge he basely failed to fulfil."

Here Ribault half rose from his chair, with rage and confusion on his face, but a peremptory gesture from Arthur caused him to sink back into his seat again.

"Now Justice is at hand, though her foot has been slow. When my grandfather, son of the murdered marquis, returned, he was denied restitution of his estates, because he was unable to produce legal proof of their ownership. That proof by almost a miracle is now in my hands. I have this day found, in examining one of the portraits in the gallery, a message from the dead which is clear evidence of the villainy of your grandfather. It directed me to search under the old sun-dial for the lost title deeds. I have found them, and they are now in my possession."

Old Ribault, who, while a deadly pallor had spread over his countenance, had remained perfectly still during the latter part of Arthur's speech, made for a few moments no reply; then collecting himself with an evident effort, said:

"Monsieur de Trevennen, as I presume I am correct in addressing you, before we proceed any further may I examine these deeds which you have found?"

"Certainly," replied Arthur, "but it would be better that we should have a witness present. May I summon Father Philippe for that purpose?"

"By all means," said Ribault. "Father Philippe is a good man. He knows all my affairs, and we can rely on his secresy and discretion."

Arthur left the room, and, having fetched the deeds from his chamber in the tower, dispatched a servant for his friend the cure, who quickly responded to the summons. Placing the deeds and the gold plate before Monsieur Ribault, he then briefly informed Father Philippe who he really was, and of the discovery he had made.

The old man, who, meanwhile, had rapidly glanced over the parchments and read the inscription on the gold plate, then rose slowly from his chair, and, addressing Arthur, said in a clear, unfaltering voice:

"Monsieur de Trevennen, you will be good enough to believe me when I say that I was in utter ignorance of the sad story told by these documents and the writing on this piece of metal. I have always believed that the estates had passed into the possession of my family in virtue of sums of money advanced by my grandfather to your ancestors, and that the deeds had been lost in the terrible days of '93.

"As to the Marquis de Trevennen's statement, that he had been betrayed by his steward, I can only say that I believe and trust that the excitement and confusion of the moment may have caused the marquis to imagine that which was not the fact. And now Monsieur de Trevennen, what steps do you propose to take?"

"I," said Arthur, on whom the dignified and manly bearing of old Ribault had made a impression, "have now a proposal to make to you, which I hope may meet with your approval. If you agree to it the Chateau of Concarnec may remain in your possession as long as you live, and the discovery that I have made need never be known to any living soul beyond Father Philippe, you, and myself. It is this: give me the hand of Mademoiselle Berthe, your daughter, in marriage, and the families and interests of Trevennen and Ribault will become one."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the little cure, enthusiastically rushing at Arthur and warmly embracing him. "That is it, is it not, Monsieur Ribault? All will yet be well."

"Yes, yes," replied Monsieur Ribault, "but how about my promise to the Vicomte de Beauregard?"

"Ah, bah," answered the good priest quickly, "little Pain-Sec, is it? There has, you know, been no formal promise to him, and his contemptible meanness about the dowry will be amply sufficient grounds for breaking with him."

"And my daughter?" said Ribault, turning to Arthur.

"I think," replied Arthur, with a slight blush, "that perhaps when Mademoiselle Berthe knows that it is with the consent of her father and Father Philippe that I address her, she may accept me as a suitor."

"Yes," added immediately the cure, with a sly look at Arthur, "I indeed am also of that opinion."

"Then," said Ribault, "so be it. I accept your proposals, Monsieur de Trevennen. And now pray leave me. I would be alone."

As may be imagined, Arthur was not long before he had sought out Berthe, and told her the happy news that Pain-Sec was dismissed, and Captain Arthur Trevennen had been promoted to his place with the full permission of her father.

"Thank God, darling," said Berthe, nestling close to him, "I would have married the vicomte—it was my duty as a daughter, but I think it would have broken my heart."

Berthe was too happy to inquire closely how the change had been brought about, and until the death of her father, which took place about five years after the events here narrated, she always imagined that it was disgust at little Pain-Sec's meanness and the discovery of Arthur's real name and position which had caused the parental consent to be given to their union.

Arthur and Berthe, who spend half their time in England and half at Concarnec, adore each other more and more; and every summer, when the walls of the old chateau re-echo with the merry laughter of their children, the good cure, Father Philippe, who is the friend and confidential adviser of the family, rubs his hands and congratulates himself on the fortunate train of events whereby he was the means to first obtain admittance for Arthur Trevennen to the Chateau of Concarnec.

A Mother's Trial.

BY B. K. C.

MILDRED, I give you ten minutes to make up your mind."

So spoke my husband, consulting his watch.

"You make one feel like a woman in 'Josephus,' who was invited to see her child cut in half," said I, with an uneasy laugh.

"An exactly parallel case," agreed my husband, with lazy sarcasm, watching me with half-closed eyes from behind a volume of tobacco smoke.

"If only baby might go, too!" I murmured plaintively. "I am quite sure the change would do her good."

"Absurd!" interrupted my husband, impatiently.

I looked up a little wistfully.

Could it be possible he did not love that darling child of ours so well as I? Oh, how could he want me to leave it, if he did?

So introspective were my thoughts that it was only gradually I perceived that he was gazing down upon me with a smile of obvious amusement.

"I can imagine that you are thinking of me," he said, as our eyes met. "Well, I suppose I am a hard-hearted, indifferent sort of person to be entrusted with such a treasure; but, Mildred, I do not see the sense of giving up everything for that child. The baby is in perfect health. It will be safe and happy with its excellent nurse, under my mother's supervision."

Think of our trotting off together on a second wedding journey! And this trip would just about set us up again.

"If you are going systematically to work to destroy your good looks, you are succeeding very well, my love, for the lines are coming;" and my husband leaned down to trace, I hope imaginary wrinkles on my brow. "But, on the other hand," he added, tilting up my chin with one finger, and speaking seriously at last, "if you would only go through a sense of duty, with the spirit of a martyr, then, Mildred, I had rather you would stay at home."

How handsome he looked, and how young!

Somehow, I did not relish the prospect of transformation into a withered old woman, with snappy black eyes.

I threw all my doubts and scruples to the winds, smiled bravely into his face, and cried, "I'll go!"

"Well said!" declared my husband catching me round the waist, and executing a wild gallop across the room.

Already I began to feel youth again in my veins.

Only in the hurry and excitement of preparation now and again would creep in the thought of my little Mabel.

"If only she might have gone, too!"

But I suppose it was ridiculous to think of taking an eighteen-months'-old baby on a six weeks' trip to the Continent, so I smothered my yearning as best I might, and folded my baby's socks and dresses, and ranged them neatly in their places with something akin to remorse in my heart.

A thousand instructions I gave the good-natured nurse entreating her to be careful and watchful of my treasure; and at the last moment, with my little Mabel's clinging arms around my neck and her cheek to mine, I would have relinquished everything to be left behind with her.

But it would never do to let Philip suspect this. He was the kindest of husbands, with a smooth, gay temper, and the most joyous temperament I ever met with.

He would romp with the baby, in perfect abandonment, for an hour at a stretch; but,

like the generality of men, he hated noise and confusion, the bother of naughty babies in particular.

When my baby came, like most young mothers, I threw myself into my new duties with more zeal than discretion; and I think my husband resented, unconsciously, my defection, and was resolved I should not give up entirely my old life.

At last we were on our way home again. In the same carriage was a poor, delicate baby, whose mother had died in Italy, and the father was now bringing it home again.

My heart ached for the forlorn little creature, so helpless in the arms of the needless nurse.

Philip smiled quizzically as I poured out an endless torrent of sympathy.

"I see what you are after," he said, at last, when he found my eyes following the baby; "and if it will do those empty arms of yours any good to worry over the poor little beggar, nurse it, by all means. And, Mildred,"—this more seriously—"do not think I have not observed and appreciated your unselfishness all along. I see the mother-love is too strong in you; I shall never part you from your child again."

You may imagine I was the happier for this speech—indeed, my heart was full of charity for all the world.

I took my husband at his word, and fairly usurped the nurse's place to the poor, motherless infant, whose little life was waning fast.

When we landed at Dover, the end was so near I had not the heart to let it go out of my sight.

Even Philip was saddened by this little tragedy enacted before him. And was it a premonition that made me so pityingly tender to the little soul, gasping its last faint breaths upon my knee?"

Well, it was over at last, and I gave up my little lifeless burden to others' care.

I yearned afresh for the living child I longed to clasp in my arms; and Philip, reading my heart aright, did not seek to delay. An early morning train found us on our way.

Then, as the carriage neared the house, he held my hands in a firm clasp, stroking them gently the while; and, somehow, this kept back the agitation that was becoming hysterical.

But the house! Instead of sweet baby features, pressed against the window-panes—in place of laughing baby-eyes, and the outstretched baby-fingers I had pictured to myself—the cruel white shutters were fastened, and white streamers floated from between them.

My husband caught me in his arms, and led me up the steps. I can recall now the tension of his hold, and in a dream I heard the servant half whisper, "Yes, sir; was taken with croup in the night, sir; the doctor said nothing could save it."

"Let me go to my child," I cried out in such a strange voice I hardly recognized it myself; and then I put away my husband's protecting arms, turned a stony gaze upon his pitying eyes, and shut myself into the dim room, where, embedded in flowers, lay all that I could ever see of my little Mabel!

Oh, the agony that filled me to suffocation!—the thought that while I had been nursing that other strange child my own had been dying, without its mother's hand to soothe and cling to!

Oh, surely she must be only sleeping? She looked so lovely and life-like, with her dimpled, rosebud hand lying so peacefully on her bosom! And yet she had strangled to death; perhaps her poor, pitiful blue eyes had been wistfully searching for me, while I, her mother, had not been there to save or help her!

How long I stood there motionless, tearless, with suffocation at my throat and bursting agony in my heart, I know not.

But at last I became aware that Philip and his mother were standing beside the little coffin, too; and Philip's mother was detailing, in her formal, precise manner, how it had happened.

After being prepared for bed, the nurse had allowed her to patter around the room in her little bare feet, and when my mother-in-law happened to look into the nursery on her way down-stairs, she found the child building houses with her blocks.

She had reprimanded the nurse for her carelessness, and seen the child put in her bed. (While I, no matter what my engagements, had always unrobed her myself, and, tiny as she was, had taught her to fold her hands and say, "Pray God, make Mabel good, that she may come to heaven!" Well, she was safely in heaven now, while I, her desolate mother, would never know happiness any more).

About eleven o'clock the nurse had hurriedly awakened my husband's mother, and informed her that Mabel was very ill—choking—and then they summoned the doctor; but the delay and the severity of the attack was fatal. The physician saw at a glance the case was hopeless.

"And you may thank God," ended my mother-in-law in her most piteous tone, "that you were spared the trial of her last agony."

But this was too much. I felt myself smothering in a terrible way; but when my husband, with tears streaming down his face, would have drawn me to him, I sprang away.

"Do not touch me!" I shrieked, hoarsely. "You and that woman"—pointing fiercely at the astonished mother—"between you were the cause of her death!"

And then I fell forward in a dead faint.

I think in the days that followed my reason to a degree was unsettled. At times I felt the dreariest apathy and indifference; the next impulse would be one of exaltation.

At least the child was happy; nothing could alter that.

But this mood could not last, and through it all I felt an unreasoning enmity, an aversion I was at no trouble to conceal from my husband's mother.

She was a cold and very haughty woman, and I think she never forgave those mad words I uttered beside my dead child's coffin.

It was war to the knife between us, until my life grew to be so intolerable, that the idea of getting away from it took complete possession of me.

Philip was very patient with me all this time; but I think my wild words made an impression on him, too, that acted like a restraint. There was perfect gentleness, but no warmth, in the caresses he gave me, always as though he were expecting a repulse.

I think if he had once taken me in his arms, and kissed me with the old lover-like passion, it would have thawed the icy barrier of despair that was breaking my heart.

As it was, my life became so insupportable that I resolved to end it. I would go away until I could reason myself into a more Christian frame of mind.

Perhaps it would be a relief to Philip. I knew so well how he disliked a life without amusement; and I had been dull enough since my child died. Perhaps he would even be unconcerned should I never return.

But this thought gave me a strange pang, even as I wrote a few cold lines, acquainting him with my intention, and asking him not to question it. And then, one dreary March morning, I slipped out of the house, unobserved, and went away.

How different was this return to my old home from that I had pictured it! I threw myself into my mother's arms, and sobbed out at last the cold weight upon my heart.

And yet I was more miserable than ever as the days crept along; and in my husband's brief but perfectly courteous letters there was never a mention of my going home again, nor a word of his coming to me.

Gradually the sorrowing after my lost child was swallowed up in the conviction that I had hopelessly alienated my husband by my mad, ill-advised step. I knew his temperament so well.

How readily he was impressed with external surroundings—charmed with what was pleasant, disgusted with what was disagreeable or stupid! And, long ago, he had told me I was losing my looks.

What would he think now if he could see this poor, colorless creature, with the great hollow eyes, and hands so thin my wedding-ring was continually dropping off?

My mother was greatly mystified.

It perplexed her that I would neither write for Philip, nor allow her to send; for, even yet, pride was stronger than life with me.

"But, my love," she would remonstrate, "you are really far from strong, and I do not like the responsibility in your present condition."

But this only set me more obstinately against making him aware of my state of health.

"Perhaps," I thought, with a wave of self-pity sweeping over me, "after I am dead he might be sorry."

And so the day crept along until my time of trial was at hand. I realized dimly that I was very ill. And, oh! how I longed for the tender touch, the gentle hand, of the husband that loved me no longer, else surely he would have been with me now!

For at the beginning my mother knelt beside me, and whispered, softly, "I have sent for Philip."

Those words had kept me up. And to my constant plaint, "Has he not come?" my mother's answer was ever, "Not yet, dear."

But at last she could no longer conceal from me that she had news of some sort; and to quiet my feverish impatience she confessed to a letter from my husband's mother.

"The letter!" I cried, impatiently.

"He was not at home, my love," urged my mother, feebly trying to escape.

But I only repeated, "The letter!" with such a sudden access of energy my mother produced it.

It read thus:

"DEAR MADAM—"I regret to hear of your daughter's illness, which I learned from your telegram. I took the liberty of opening it, as my son was not at home. He has not informed me, but it is my opinion that he has gone away to institute proceedings for a bill of separation——"

I read no more. Why should I? I was done with life, and fell back among my pillows, unconscious.

I should never have written this had there not been such a happy ending.

When I came back to life again, it was to find my husband, all travel-stained and weary as he was, kneeling beside my couch.

One look between us was enough; happiness had come back to me. Without a word I knew he loved me.

"And here is your new daughter, Philip," said my mother, as she came bustling in, in her kindly way, with a tiny bundle of lace and embroidery on her arm.

My poor husband's face flushed painfully as he stood looking down at the little creature.

"Most grant I may take better care of her!" he commenced, brokenly. Then, presently, he added, "Mildred, we will call it Theodora—"the gift of God."

I have lived to feel that we are both the happier for the trial sent us. It has made my husband a much more serious man.

THE CARE OF SELF.

Dyspeptics should avoid anything which they (not others) cannot digest. There are so many causes for and forms of dyspepsia that it is impossible to prescribe one and the same diet for all. Nothing is more disagreeable or useless than to be cautioned against eating this or that, because your neighbor "So-and-So" cannot eat such things.

If we would all study the nature and digestion of food, and remember that air and exercise are as essential as food in promoting good health, we could easily decide upon the diet best suited to our individual needs. The diabetic should abstain from sugar in digestion, such as all starchy foods, fine wheat flour, rice, maccaroni, tapioca, liver, potatoes, beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips, peas, beans, very old cheese, sweet omelets, custards, jellies, starchy nuts and sweet sauces.

He may eat oysters, all kinds of fish, meat, poultry and game, soups without any starchy thickening, lettuce, cucumbers, watercresses, dandelions, young onions, cold slaw, olives, cauliflower, spinach, cabbage, string beans, ripe fruit of all kinds without sugar, cream butter, milk sparingly, gluten, flour, oily nuts freely salted, eggs, coffee and cocoa.

The corpulent should abstain from fat as well as sugar and starch. A diet of whole meal, milk, vegetables, fruit and lean meat will produce only a normal amount of fatness; while an excess of sweets, acids, spices and shortening keeps the system in an unhealthy condition.

Those who can digest fine flour, pastry, sugar, and fat become loaded with fat, but are neither strong nor vigorous. Thin people with weak digestion should also avoid such food; for thin people are often kept thin by the same food which makes others fat.

If they cannot digest the starch, butter, and fine flour, the system is kept in a feverish, dyspeptic state; they become nervous or go into consumption for no other reason that the life is burned out by a diet that only feeds the fire and does not renew the tissues.

THE SENSATION OF HANGING.—What are the sensations experienced during hanging? Some of the few who have been able to give any account of their consciousness at so critical a moment say that, after one instant of pain, the chief sensation is that of a mass of brilliant colors filling the eye-balls.

An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensations were of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colors are even a source of pleasure.

A Capt. Montagnac, who was executed in France during the religious wars, but was rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Marshal Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description.

Another criminal, who escaped through the breaking of the halter, said that after a second or two of suffering a light appeared, and across it a most beautiful avenue of trees. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hues start up before the eyes, and that those having been gazed at for a limited space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from those which fill the eyes of the spectators.

Medical men have paid much attention to the anatomy of the neck and throat in regard to the circumstances which bring about asphyxia, suffocation or choking, and they say that some necks possess a power of resisting these effects to a very remarkable degree.

BLESSING THE KEYS.—The extent to which the regulations of the service are carried on in the English Tower of London is but imperfectly known to the public.

One of the customs is most singular. The ceremony alluded to is that of securing the gates at night; on which occasion a sergeant, corporal, and twelve men accompany the warder whose duty it may be to perform the office. As the guard passes each sentry, the usual challenge of—

"Who comes there?" is given; to which the warder replies—

"Keys."

"What keys?" continues the sentry.

"Queen Victoria's keys," again answers the warder.

"Then pass on, Queen Victoria's keys," says the sentry, and onward the escort passes.

On arriving at the Spurgate, the officer on duty and the main guard turn out, and immediately salute the "keys" by presenting arms.

The warder then takes off his bonnet and reverently exclaims—

"God bless Queen Victoria's keys!" to which the whole guard respond—

"Amen!"

THE latest novelty is the melocipede. It is derived from two Greek words, melo, music, and pes, a foot. A melocipede is, therefore, a musical bicycle, or contrivance that the rider can pedal out sonatas, waltzes marches, and, to help any music which may suit his fancy as he wheels along.

So near are the boundaries of panegyric and invective, that a worn-out sinner is sometimes found to make the best declaimer against sin.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The story comes from Moscow that the German military authorities are training mastiffs to hunt French outposts in the event of war, together with falcons and other birds of prey to chase carrier-pigeons should the latter be employed by the French.

It is said of the late Miss Catherine Wolfe, the millionairess of New York, although an exceptionally strong woman, her health broke down under the mental strain to which she was subject from the continual appeals to her generosity. She had no rest and passed sleepless nights, remembering the stories told of suffering, too many of which were miserable subterfuges to obtain money. She was compelled to go to Europe for rest and ordered that no letters should follow her. Such are the inconveniences of being wealthy, as more than one millionaire could show.

A French writer of note has figured out the facts connected with the wars waged in Europe during the last 400 years, and he files the bills as follows. The 8 wars number 286, and are divided as follows: 44 were waged to obtain an increase of territory (land grabbing is the plain English for it), and 22 sprang from the raising of taxes. Through reprisals made, 24 wars originated; 8 only were fought for honorary prerogatives, 6 for territorial contests, 41 through pretensions to a crown, 30 to assist an ally, 23 through rivalry of influence, 5 for commercial quarrels, and there were 55 civil and 28 religious wars as well.

The Japanese are not afraid of progress. The town of Osaka now has a complete system of telephonic fire-alarms, and the streets are soon to be lighted by electricity. Very different is the attitude of the Chinese, with regard to most modern improvements. The authorities do all that lies in their power to prevent the construction of railways; and a recently issued imperial rescript formally forbids the use of electricity within the limits of the empire; although, it seems, the subtle force is tolerated on board some of the Chinese men-of-war. The rescript sets forth that electricity has already done much harm; and the explanation of this enigmatic assertion is to be found in the simple fact that a certain Pekin mandarin, who attempted to install the electric light in his house, succeeded in not merely killing himself, but started a conflagration which at one time threatened to lay the whole neighborhood in ashes.

Evidently those nations generally considered the most ignorant are not really so. In Russia there are 32,000 schools, having each an average of thirty-six scholars. This is one school to 2,300 inhabitants, at a cost of less than a cent a head of the population. In Austria, with 37,000,000 of inhabitants, there are 29,000 schools and 3,000,000 scholars. The average number at each school is 103, and the cost per inhabitant nineteen cents. In Italy for 28,000,000 there are 47,000 schools, one school for every 600 people, at a cost of seventeen cents a head. The average number of pupils at the schools is forty. In Spain there are 5,000,000 scholars, 29,000 schools, giving an average of fifty-six in each school, and one school for every 600 inhabitants, as in Italy. The number of schools given for England is 58,000, which is one for every 600 inhabitants, with an average attendance of fifty-two per school, and a cost of thirty-six cents. The Germans have a school for every 740, giving a total of 60,000 schools, with 100 pupils in each, and thirty-eight cents per inhabitant. France has 71,000 schools, being one for every 560, with sixty-six in each school.

A writer in a French scientific periodical is of opinion that, just as every art renders its professors liable to some special physical malady, so every trade endows it devotee with some peculiar psychological characteristic. The proverbial philosophy of almost every nation seems to countenance some such theory. We say, for instance, "as mad as a hatter;" Germans talk of the foul tongue of a knife grinder; and we in this country are said to consider all drug-store keepers eccentric. The French essayist now adds to the list, and informs us that his researches have satisfied him that, as a general rule, confectioners and bonbon makers are peevish and irritable; persons connected with the paper trades are taciturn; leather-workers are suave and courtly, and glovers especially so; opticians are even-tempered and happy; barbers are talkative and amusing; knife grinders (agreeable to the German opinion) are foul-mouthed; brush-makers are inclined to drink to excess; tobacconists are kindly and amiable; china-dealers are excitable; and engravers are high-minded and intolerant. In most of these cases, it will be noticed, there is no apparent connection between cause and effect. Perhaps, therefore, public executioners are gentle and humane, and professional burglars are actuated by remorse for their lives of theft and total want of scruples.

[illegible] and remedies suggested for the cure of artificial [illegible] until you shall be sure the patient is affected with the particular disease to be cured.

Our Young Folks.

THE BIG SNOWBALL.

BY HENRY PRITH.

HERE comes the snow. Look, look! what beautiful flakes!" cried Lily as she gazed from the nursery window.

"I am glad!"

"Why are you glad?" asked Ida, who was watching the sky. "I am not glad."

"No, because you want to go to Reigate; but I want to make the biggest snowball that ever was seen!"

"You will be puzzled to do that," replied her sister. "But here comes the snow-storm."

The snow fell thickly, and in the morning there was nothing but white to be seen. Two days passed; more snow came, but then the weather cleared. Ida went off, under her parents' escort, to her aunt's house; and Lily, putting on her thickest boots and warmest clothes, went into the garden with her brothers to make "the biggest snowball that ever was seen!"

Of course Tim, the cat, looked on. Nothing can be done unless Tim has a share in the fun of this happy family. Perhaps, as it turned out, it was a good thing that Tim was looking on.

The children kept rolling the snow about until the ball had got as big as Lily herself. They were scooping it out in the middle to make it into a house, when dinner-time came, and the children went indoors with such red hands and faces, and looking as well as possible.

After dinner the boys went out walking; Lily kept quiet for a while, thinking. Soon Lily crept downstairs and out into the garden to see her big snowball, and to play at being a Laplander.

She had heard that Laplanders lived in cold countries in snow-houses; so she was a "Lap." She dug out more snow, until she could sit inside the great snowball quite at the end of the garden. Lily was very hot as she crept in, and piled the snow by degrees in front of her; her gloves got very wet, and her hands burned when she struck them together. At last she got drowsy, and fell fast asleep.

Tea time came.

"Where is Miss Lily?" asked nurse. No one could tell. No one had seen her since dinner, except the parlor-maid, who said:

"Perhaps she is in the garden."

The nurse looked out. It was then getting dark. She put on her goloshes, and walked all round the garden seeking Lily. She looked at the snowball. No Lily was there; she could see nothing but the snow-mass.

Then she became frightened; where could Lily be? There were no marks in the snow to show that she had gone out into the road. Perhaps she had gone with her brothers to see the sliders in the common!

Five o'clock. No Lily. Now it was dark. Father and mother would be home soon. The nurse, cook, and parlor-maid searched all over the house—upstairs, downstairs. But no Lily!

As they were searching a knock came to the door. Father and mother had come home, after leaving Ida at Reigate. In a few minutes the boys came in, too; but without Lily!

Their mother at once noticed the pale and frightened face of the parlor-maid, but said nothing until she reached the nursery, when she saw the nurse just as frightened and even paler.

"What is the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith. "Is anything wrong? You and Fanny are both looking as frightened as if there had been thieves in the house. What has happened? Speak!"

"Oh! ma'am, Miss Lily—is—lost!"

"Lost!" screamed Mrs. Smith. "Lost, and you sit here quietly? Have you searched? Did you send for the police? Where was she lost?"

The poor mother's alarm and distress were terrible to see. She was so fond of all her children that she was nearly distracted.

She rushed into every room, dashing the cupboards and presses open, and unlocking the trunks; she looked into the cistern, into a great sofa-box in the bed-room, under all the beds.

She turned the cat roughly out of the arm-chair, and poor Tim, being very much frightened, ran down-stairs and mewed until the cook let him go out doors into the garden.

Willie and Ernest also searched. Mr. Smith went off to the police-station to describe the little girl and to inquire.

Poor little Lily was lost—perhaps dead, and no one could think where the child had got to! The garden was searched with lanterns; and, when the boys, with their father, were looking around for the last time, up came Tim and mewed.

"I believe Tim misses Lily," said Ernest.

Tim mewed again, turned around, walked down the garden and made a dreadful noise. Then, to the astonishment of all, the cat leaped on the big snowball and scratched at it!

"I do believe Lily's buried in the snow, father," cried Willie. "Come along; let's see."

Mr. Smith said nothing, but with a tremendous shove he turned the ball over. The boys crowded it, and learn, to their astonishment, Lily, miserable or merry, but alive certainly.

Tim mewed, and raced into the house in front of Mr. Smith, who, with his little girl in his arms, came running into the kitchen.

The cook screamed. Mrs. Smith came rushing down, when the boys cried—

"Lily's found!"

The doctor came, and poor Lily was in bed with terrible chilblains for many days; but she never was really ill.

"I fell asleep," she said, "and I remember no more. I pretended to be a Laplander, and I breathed through the hole the tail had made. I never heard any one call me."

But they were so glad to find her that no one scolded her. Tim was praised for being so sensible, and he purred his thanks. But if Lily had not been kind to him she might never have been found.

And so ended Lily's strange adventure and the story of the "biggest snowball that ever was seen."

TOO GOOD TO LAST.

BY E. E. C.

THE rabbit was delighted when he found a hole in the wire netting which ran around the garden. Maggie had made it as she scrambled over in such a hurry that day when the little white chicken got left outside the coop under the big elm in the field, and when the old hen was clucking to them all to come inside.

Times were hard with the rabbit. His nursery was very full just now, in the burrow under the hedge at the top of the close, and food was scarce and difficult to get.

All the nicest looking crops seemed to be protected, and more than one of his relations had lately fallen a victim to cruel wires, placed in spots were no hungry rabbit would ever have dreamed of suspecting danger.

Moreover, there were rumors about that the keeper had been seen wandering around with his gun, and with something that looked suspiciously like a ferret's head peeping out of his velveteen pocket.

People must live, and the rabbit had long had an eye on that garden; indeed, it made his mouth water to peep at it through the holes of the netting.

It was just fall of tender shoots, coming up a pace this soft spring weather. Tulips and crocuses, luscious and inviting, were standing there waiting to be eaten, and whole beds of young lettuces and green vegetables, just the right height above ground.

Scrunch! scrunch! scrunch!

It was a soft spring night, with enough moon to see to eat by, and so still that you could almost hear the things themselves growing.

Scrunch! scrunch! scrunch!

Was it an echo, or some one coming?

The rabbit sat up on his hind legs to listen. The figure, as of one of his own kind, bowed to him from behind the bars of a hutch under the wall, and inquired, with a slightly foreign accent, how the tulip leaves tasted.

"Excuse my asking you, but if you'd been stuffed with nothing but bran and carrot tops for a week, you'd be glad even to hear of the taste of anything else."

The wild rabbit opened his eyes wide. Here was indeed a pampered individual whose hutch was positively littered with good things to eat, turning up his nose and sniffing at them, and envying a poor starveling his hardly won morsels.

And the sight of so much plenty made our friend feel hungrier than ever, and he devoured a whole bed of crocuses while the other talked on.

The inhabitant of the hutch, in spite of his aristocratic appearance with his dun and white coat, and his long lop ears, seemed somewhat dull, and not at all disinclined for a little conversation.

He came from Belgium, and had been brought across the sea with several others with much care. He never could remember any other life than that in a hutch, though he had heard that his grandparents had been wild once.

Altogether he seemed so superior a person, that the wild rabbit felt quite small and shabby in his common brown coat, and positively honored by being spoken to.

Rover, the watch-dog, beginning to bay at the moon, put an abrupt end to the interview on the part of the wild rabbit, who ran off as fast as he could, though the illustrious recluse did not seem alarmed.

The next day was a somewhat anxious one. There was no longer any doubt that the keeper was ferreting along the hazel hedge. In every burrow there was some one missing, and there was no knowing which might be honored with a visit next.

And poor Mr. Rabbit, as he sat on the alert at the front door combing his whiskers, remembered with envy the peaceful, safe life of the Belgian rabbit in the hutch. No wonder the owner of the lop-ears looked fat and sleek.

At dusk, when Mrs. Rabbit ventured to take the family out to play, on the slope beyond the elm, whence they could see afar off the delicious garden of Eden, a wondrous sight met their eyes.

Maggie came out of the house and opened the door of the hutch, and took out the rabbit. He did not die of terror, as the wild rabbits nearly did at the mere sight. On the contrary he lay sleek and comfortable in her arms and let her feed him with all kinds of unknown dainties.

"Oh, mother!" cried all the little rabbits, "what a happy person that beautiful stranger is! I wish we all lived in nice warm hutches, and grew fat on good things!"

"Yes, indeed!" sighed their father, who had joined them, "I'm quite out of breath with dodging the cat the other side of the hedge! You can almost hear my heart go pit-a-pat!"

They lingered a minute to see Maggie put the sleek rabbits back again into the hutch, where he began nibbling away placidly, and then scuttled off to bed.

But before their father turned in he saw some one else go to the hutch. It was the gardener, and he took out the Belgian rabbit with much less care than Maggie had done, and prodded its fat sides with his finger.

When, the following night, Mr. Rabbit wished to repeat his feast in the garden, to his horror he found the hole in the netting mended up, and he couldn't get in anywhere.

He looked up at the hutch; the hutch was empty.

Where—and, oh! where—was the Belgian rabbit?

The eldest of the family in the burrow, being of an adventurous disposition, was out foraging by himself in the lane next day, when he was startled by the rag and bone man coming away from the house. And on his shoulder was flung a dun and white rabbit skin, which bore a very strong resemblance to that of the Belgian inhabitant of the hutch!

"Ah!" quoth Mr. Rabbit, when he heard the story, "it is not safe to judge by appearances. People are not always as happy as they seem!"

HER FIRST SERMON.

BY SARAH PITT.

YOU are a wicked, cruel boy, Bill! It was my bird, and I'll pay you out for it, if it's a month first."

Fan, her eyes nearly swelled up with crying, was making frantic efforts to reach a little half-fledged sparrow that was dangling by a piece of string from the window above; and Bill, the owner of the string, was thoroughly enjoying the performance. His share in it came to end rather suddenly just then; turning his head to speak to some one behind, he allowed the string to dangle a shade too low. Fan caught at her lost possession, and drew it safely in, before he had a chance to jerk it back.

Safely? not quite; the tiny wings fluttered for a minute or two on her palm, and then grew still. That little sparrow would never again chirp with his brethren in the sunshine on the grimy roofs, or hunt for the scattered grain about the docks. Fan put it inside the breast of her ragged frock with a great sob. "I said I'd pay him out, and I will."

She picked up her tray of matches—it had been the lid of a box once upon a time—and pattered sorrowfully down the narrow lane into the churchyard where she generally plied her trade; there was a footpath across it, a short cut between two busy streets, and Fan's place of business was the parapet of the three or four steps that led down to the street level. From it she had a glimpse of the river, round the end of the big warehouse in front, and the doorway of the old church tower behind.

Some days there was a service in the church, and from her step she could hear the organ in all the loud parts, and see the people go in and out.

Fan had never been inside herself, though she had lived in sight of it all her life, but she had bright dreams of how, some day, she would pick up lots of money somewhere about the docks, and get new clothes—and a bonnet, perhaps—and walk in at the big door, past the beadle in his gown, and sit on the red cushion just like other people.

There was a service to-day; the organ was booming like distant thunder through the curtained arch, but Fan paid no heed for once; she was too busy planning schemes of vengeance against Bill, and it puzzled her how they were to be carried out.

She was only a girl, while Bill was a boy, and a big, strong boy too, which made it all the more difficult.

Somebody had dropped a piece of orange peel just below her perch, and an old gentleman who limped with a stick—though he always came to the church when it was open—was coming up the steps now.

Fan paused in her plotting to watch him; he had bought matches from her once, and she liked the kindly way he had spoken to her then; he set his foot on the orange peel without seeing it, and the next instant his stick had slipped out of his grasp, and was rolling down into the street.

Fan was over the parapet, and had brought it back before he had quite recovered his balance; he sat down on the ledge for a minute to take breath.

"You are a good girl; thank you," he said as she held it out. "I think I have seen you about the church before?"

"Only out here," answered Fan; "I've never been inside."

"Would you like to go?"

Fan looked up at him in astonishment.

"Like? Of course I would; but I haven't got no bonnet nor nothing."

"Perhaps not; but if you were to wash your face and brush your hair back, I could find a corner where you might sit quietly, without any one noticing."

Under the dirty tear-marks Fan's face flushed scarlet; surely it was too good to be true—it was as if that far distant fortune had fallen at her very feet.

"I'd sit quiet enough," was all she could say in answer.

"Very well; be here the same time to-morrow afternoon, and I'll take you with me," said the gentleman getting slowly up and limping up the flagged path to the church door.

When he had vanished inside Fan turned about and went home in a state of radiant satisfaction.

If it had not been for her dead sparrow, and obtruding thoughts of Bill and his unpunished wickedness, she would have envied no one for the rest of that day, and even that thorn was to be smoothed away from the path before that blissful to-morrow really came.

To-morrow was Saturday, by the day of the week, though in Fan's mind it was a day apart from all that went before or came after, and needed no name to be remembered by. Still to ordinary common-place people it was Saturday, and the consequence was that most of the big offices round about were closed at two o'clock, and were not opened again till Monday morning.

At the back of the churchyard, a moss-grown, disused part, where no one ever strayed, a narrow covered passage led to a small courtyard under a tall warehouse. There was a rusty iron gate at the churchyard end of the passage, at the other a wooden door that fastened with a heavy bolt on the outside.

Sitting on the steps, waiting for customers, who only came at long, long, intervals, Fan caught sight of Bill cautiously skirting the wall to this passage.

The iron gate opened with a loud creak, but Fan carefully kept her face to the street till she was certain he was out of view, then she stole swiftly along after him.

Bill had left the gate open a few inches. Fan squeezed herself through, and ran down the damp passage, dark even in the afternoon sunshine.

The door at the end was open likewise; and through the chink she saw her enemy on his knees in one corner of the court, scraping diligently at the earth.

What he was hunting for Fan neither knew nor cared; it was her turn now, better than anything she had thought of; she had not dared to hope for such a chance as this.

Breathless with excitement, she pushed the door softly to, and put up the iron bar in its place; one minute more, and, flushed with victory, she was back on her step—the deed done.

It could not have happened at a better time: it would be Monday morning before any one went near that grim warehouse, and no noise Bill made in his prison would sound through that door and passage, across that great wide piece of deserted and lonely ground.

There was all to-night, and all to-morrow, and to-morrow night before him, and perhaps—"perhaps," whispered Fan to herself, taking her sparrow out of her breast, and holding it tenderly against her cheek, "he may be dead by that time, and it will serve him right!"

She could go to the church now with that weight off her mind, and Fan went joyfully away to make her brief toilet at the nearest pump.

"Come, that is a better face than you had yesterday," said the old gentleman an hour later, when he found her eagerly waiting for him at the top of the steps.

"I'm feeling better," answered Fan, "and I didn't think yesterday I was going to get inside the church, either."

"Well, I hope will feel better still when you come out again. You know that is what we go to church for, to be told what we ought to do, and try to do it."

Fan didn't know anything about that, but there was no time to say, for they were at the door. It was all one beautiful confused dream to her after, when she tried to remember that first service; how she slipped in right under the beadle's awful eye, close behind her friend; and now he took her to a kind of little room behind a pillar, where she sat on a bench alone, in front of a painted window, that made lovely shining bars of blue and gold and crimson on the floor and walls about her, and seemed somehow to be mixed up with and belong to the music that was swelling through the whole place.

Just beyond the pillar there was a minister in a white gown, and when all the grand singing ended he stood up and talked to the people in the red seats, though Fan felt sure he looked straight at her often.

It was her first sermon, and she understood but little of it; only two or three words came in it very often, so that she began to listen for them—

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

At first she did not know at all what they meant; after a while she felt she did not want to know—she was growing afraid that it meant she ought to go and open the door again for Bill.

It was hard the minister should go and preach like that the very first time she had come to church. Fan's hand went inside her frock again to the little dead bird; it would have been easy to forgive but for that, the one thing that had been her very own.

The triumphant satisfaction was fast fading out of her face; it disappeared at last altogether in two big slow tears that trickled unheeded down her cheeks just as the sermon came to an end.

A good many people listened to the sermon that day; possibly there may have been but few who tried to put it in practice as promptly as the little ragged listener behind the pillar.

She crept silently away when the service was over, across the churchyard, up the days after, unbarred the door with nervous trembling fingers, and let her captive go free.

THE Collector at Bombay has among his curiosities a Chinese god marked "Heathen Idol," and next to it a gold dollar marked "Christian Idol."

BROKEN-HEARTED.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

She sits in silence day by day
Beneath the beech-tree's shade,
Watching the rose-leaves drop away,
The argent lilies fade.

White-souled and pure from evil as
The lilies newly bloomed,
Smiled she among their snows—alas,
For she and they are doomed!

But she speaks never; closely pressed,
Her pale lips never part
To clothe in words what none hath guessed—
The anguish of her heart.

Young is she as the year is young,
Fair is she as the day;
Sweet voice hath she as e'er hath sung
Sweet summer hours away.

But some strange blight hath passed o'er all
As o'er the rose hath passed,
As though the same decay its pall
On maid and flowers cast.

Yet in her weakness she is strong
For this—to make no sign,
Lest they who deem one did her wrong
Her death-wound should divine,

And curse him—him, her own dear love,
To whom her heart was given,
For whom her pray'rs ascend above,
Beseeching grace from Heaven.

She would not have one word of blame
Fall harshly on his ear;
She was mistaken—hers the blame
He did not hold her dear.

And so in silence day by day
Among the flow'rs she sits,
While ever nearer, cold and gray,
A solemn Shadow flits.

Now the last rose its leaves hath shed
Upon her garment's hem;
To-night the lilies will be dead—
And she will die with them.

OF COINS AND MONEY.

It is difficult for persons who live in this enlightened age to realize the time when there was no such thing as money, and to understand how the ordinary dealings could be carried on without such a convenient medium. But people in those days were no worse off than the untutored savages of to day. Homer tells us that Glaucus's golden armor was valued at one hundred oxen, showing that oxen in this case was the unit of measurement or comparison. Among the ancient Britons, we know that iron rings and tin plates were used for money, although they had a gold and bronze coinage long before the Romans came.

In Italy it was originally cattle, whence comes the Latin word pecunia, money, derived from pecus, a flock; and this method of barter still obtains in uncivilised countries; for example, beads in Abyssinia, cowries or small shells in India and on the coasts of Africa, where about sixty shells represent the value of a halfpenny.

Certain fruits have also at times been current for money: cacao and maize among the Mexicans, and almonds in parts of the East Indies where there were no cowries, forty being set against a halfpenny—in short, various substances have been used for a convenient standard in different ages; but in all nations where commerce has made any considerable progress, the precious metals, either in coins or ingots, or their representative value in paper, have finally been adopted as money.

In this, however, as in all matters of progress, the development has been exceedingly gradual, and, unfortunately, history does not help us in tracing the different methods pursued previous to the adoption of the metals. First we find stamped money of wood and pieces of leather giving place to pieces of gold, silver, and copper or brass. Next followed various impressions on these irregular pieces: the Jews imprinted on one side the shekel or golden pot, and on the other Aaron's rod; the Dardans, two cocks fighting; the Athenians, an owl or an ox; and so on through countless variations, exhibiting the religion and manners of the different peoples.

As time went on, the forms of the coins became more regular, through they are now by no means uniform; some being circular like our own or those of the Chinese, which have a square hole through the middle, to allow of their being slung, for the convenince of carriage or enumeration; others square or multangular, and others globular.

But now—with the exception of the Turks and Mohammedans, who detest images, the precept of Mohammed forbidding the representation of any living creature, and who inscribe the name instead—all civilised nations impress one side of the coin with the image of the reigning sovereign.

Nor is this a modern idea, since the coins of Alexander I., who began his reign about five hundred years before Christ, bear his portrait, as do also those of many kings and queens who held their away in that and succeeding centuries.

There are few subjects more interesting than the study of the symbols found on ancient coins, and though such is outside the limits of this article, we may be pardoned for referring briefly to one of them which shows the origin of the Turkish crescent.

When Philip of Macedon was proceeding to storm Byzantium—the ancient name of Constantinople—on a cloudy night, the moon suddenly shone out and discovered his approach, so that the inhabitants observed and repulsed him.

The Turks, upon entering Constantinople, found this ancient badge in many places, and suspecting some magical power in it, assumed the symbol and its power to themselves, which we find to this day impressed on all their coins. Copper coins appear generally to have been struck previous to silver, and silver previous to gold.

The French Norman penny, their only piece of money, was so deeply impressed with a cross that it might easily be parted; when broken in half, each piece was called a half penny; and when broken into quarters, each piece was called a fourthing or farthing. "Milling" the edge of our gold and silver coins, termed also "graining" and "crenating," first employed in 1646, to prevent their being injured by wear, and more especially by being clipped by rogues, is a hint taken from the ancient Syrians and Romans, who treated their coins similarly and for like reasons.

The fashion of wearing coins as ornaments, as we do either as a charm on the watchcharm, or when made into sleeve-links, necklaces, bracelets, &c., was also common among the ancients, especially the Greek girls, many of whose coins have been found pierced with holes, and sometimes with a small ring fastened.

But perhaps the most curious purpose to which money has been applied was the superstitious practice of placing thin broad pieces of unstamped gold in the mouth of the Egyptian mummies, to pay the fare of Charon, the mythological ferryman, to row them across the river Styx.

Grains of Gold.

Favors to the ungrateful are like colors to the blind.

Mortifications are often more painful than real calamities.

We may be as good as we please, if we please to be good.

Let no one ask for greatness who is not ready to endure great agonies.

Surely that preaching that comes from the soul must work on the soul.

He surely is most in want of another's patience who has none of his own.

We are ruined not by what we really want, but by what we think we want.

O, banish the tears of children! Continual rains upon the blossoms are hurtful.

Nobody will use other people's experience, nor has any of his own, till it is too late to use it.

Nature confesses that she has bestowed on the human race hearts of softest mould, in that she has given us tears.

The excessive pleasure we feel in talking of ourselves ought to make us apprehensive that we afford little to our auditors.

Wise anger is like fire from the flint—there is a great ado to bring it out; and, when it does come, it is out again immediately.

He that is a good man is three-quarters of his way towards being a good Christian, wheresoever he lives, or whatsoever he is called.

Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

The fuller conceptions we gain of the true meaning of justice, the more we shall enter into its spirit, and the more it will actuate our lives.

Learning gives us a fuller conviction of the imperfections of our nature; which one would think might dispose us to modesty; for the more a man knows, the more he discovers his ignorance.

Astronomers have built telescopes which can show myriads of stars unseen before; but when a man looks through a tear in his own eye, that is a lens which opens and reaches in the unknown, and reveals orbs which no telescope, however skilfully constructed, could do.

Femininities.

Adam had a spare rib with apple sauce.

A little ammonia or borax in water just lukewarm will keep the skin clean and soft.

Easy-crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

Schools are not uncommon in India, but there are none for the instruction of the female. Her mind is entirely uncultivated.

It must have been a valuable muffin recipe for which a New York lady paid a baker $90 the other day.

Never fold a gossamer waterproof inside out. It is the inside which should be kept free from soil of any kind.

The afternoon dance is dying a natural death, people not caring to undertake such exercise in broad daylight.

Do not allow your daughters to be taught letters by a man, though he be a St. Paul. The saints are in heaven.

It is said that a pint of milk taken every night just before retiring to rest will soon make the thinnest figure plump.

One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Gain one clear, distinct truth, and it becomes a centre of light.

Recollect every day the things you have seen, or heard, or read, which may have made any addition to your understanding.

Efficient service was rendered by a female fire brigade—composed of the operatives—during a recent fire in an English mill.

The Roman ladies used a paste of bean meal and rice to take out the wrinkles and give a clear tint and smoothness to the skin.

Never let the feet become cold and damp, or sit with the back toward the window, as these things tend to aggravate any existing hardness of hearing.

A woman, Mrs. Louise Daniels, has been licensed as pilot of a Lake Champlain steamer. Her examination, conducted by U. S. Inspectors, was very satisfactory.

The Superintendent of Education in Macon, Georgia, welcomes the election of women school supervisors, of whom about 50 have been elected in that State this year, as reformers. "The more of them the better!" is his motto.

The story comes from London that a young man in Allahabad, India, proposed to a young lady in Calcutta by telegraph, adding: "Answer yes or no at my expense." She sent him 600 words of explanation without coming to any conclusion.

"Tell your mother, Johnny," said his kind maiden aunt, as she placed a piece of cake in his hand, "that I was very sorry your sister could not come." "And what will I say," replied little Johnny, with an air of strategy, "if mamma asks where is sister's piece of cake?"

In Denmark dairying is taught as a trade, boys being apprenticed for that purpose. They are not only taught the points and characteristics of stock, and all the improved modes of making butter and cheese, but schools are established where scientific knowledge of dairying is also imparted.

Two little children were playing together when the grandmother of one came into the room and began looking for her "glasses." "What do grandmas want of glasses?" asked one child of the other, in a speculative voice. "I don't know," said the other, "but I 'spect it's to see if they can see good."

Mrs. Smith: "Do you know, my dear, that they say that Mrs. Delaine's husband is liable to die at any moment?" Mrs. Brown: "Indeed! That will be nice." Mrs. S.: "Nice! Why, how shocking! What do you mean?" Mrs. B.: "Why, then we shall have a chance to see how she looks in plain black."

"What a charming person that Mlle. Clotilde is," remarked a gentleman: "how pretty, how agreeable, and what a graceful dancer." To which one of Mlle. Clotilde's dearest lady friends replied: "Quite true; but what a pity her education was interrupted just when she was commencing to learn to read."

Mrs. O'Maha: "What funny people those Chinese are. The astrologers have been called on to select a wife for the Emperor." Mr. O'Maha: "It is a funny idea. What was the result?" "The article says they decline to make a selection before May." "I suppose they want to see how she behaves during the spring cleaning."

In kitchen-French, "ragout" means a rich, brown stew, with mushrooms, vegetables, etc.; "piquante," a sauce of several flavors, acid predominating; "quenelles," forcemeat with bread, yolk of eggs, highly seasoned, and formed with a spoon to an oval shape, then poached and used either as a dish by themselves or to garnish.

"How long did you say you had been a widow, Mrs. Frank?" "About two years, sir." "And have you become reconciled to your loss, yet?" "Well, partly." "Partly! How am I to understand that?" "Why, I mean that I am reconciled to the loss of my first husband, but not to the loss of that companionship which I might have from a second."

A country rector called rather early one morning upon one of his parishioners. One of the children saw him coming, and ran into the house to tell his mother. The little fellow soon returned to the front and resumed his play. The clergyman inquired: "Is your mother at home?" "No, sir," replied the child; "she is out at present." "Tell her when she returns that I called," said the clergyman. "I did tell her," replied the little boy.

"And now, Bobby," said his mother, as she buttoned her gloves, "be a good little boy while I am out, and do everything you can to amuse the baby." On her return she discovered that Bobby had emptied the contents of the molasses jug over the baby's head, and the happy laughter which came from the infantile lips told her more eloquently than mere words could ever hope to tell how eminently successful Bobby's efforts in the amusement line had been.

Masculinities.

Governor Hill, of New York, is a bachelor.

Whiskers in London slang are known as "sidewings."

Ragged clothing cannot debase a man as much as a frayed reputation.

Colonel Ochiltree says: "The more I know men the better I like dogs."

The boys are all opposed to home rule after they reach the age of latch keys.

Sir John Dean Paul, Baronet, is earning his living as a photographer in London.

Every man likes to talk about himself. A good listener makes a delightful wife.

Honesty sometimes keeps a man from becoming rich, and civility from becoming witty.

A young poet, in describing heaven, says: "It is a world of bliss fenced in with girls."

Those beings only are fit for solitude who, like nobody, are like nobody and are liked by nobody.

To take off one's hat in China is no mark of respect to another, but simply an act of personal convenience.

Roscoe Conkling and Colonel Ingersoll never walk, even for a short distance, if they can find a street car.

A good man doubles the length of his existence; to have lived so as to look back with pleasure on our past existence is to live twice.

Why are we always so much more rejoiced at finding a dime than at earning a dollar?—Because it does not require you to exert yourself.

"Dar's a heap of misery on dis yarf," says Uncle Mose. "Hit's wid men purty much as hit am wid umbrellas—hit's generally de poorest what gits left."

Cultivate the habit of listening to others; it will make you an invaluable member of society, to say nothing of the advantage it will be to you when you marry.

A French physician has discovered a new disease, the most pronounced symptom of which is a great aversion to getting up in the morning. The disease is not confined to France.

There are twenty persons whose gifts to colleges in this country aggregate over $23,000,000. Three of these—Stephen Girard, Johns Hopkins and Asa Packer—gave over $14,000,000.

A West Newbury farmer recently sent two tons of cabbages to a Boston commission house, and after the freight, commission and storage had been deducted, he had only 96 cents left.

Tobacco blindness is becoming a common affliction. At present there are several persons under treatment for it at one London hospital. At first it takes the form of color-blindness.

A Maine man, whose wood pile was unaccountably being gradually reduced in size, set a watch, and found that a neighbor's Newfoundland dog made nightly visits to it and dragged away big sticks to his master's door.

Wife, to husband: "Why is young Tompkins called a good fellow by his friends?" Husband: "Because he is always good-natured and pleasant, can tell a story well, spends his money freely, and shamefully neglects his family."

"What makes Jones so near sighted lately? He don't seem to know a fellow when he meets him." "His father has just died." "Well, I never thought grief for the governor would affect his eyesight." "It don't. But he's come in for all the governor's money."

Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Organist: "As your party marches down the aisle I will play some impressive march." Prospective bridegroom: "That's good; but be particular about the key." Organist: "Oh, certainly. I invariably play wedding marches in E flat; two flats seem so appropriate."

"You look thoughtful to night, Jones," remarked Black, as he stretched himself on the bed. "Yes," sighed Jones; "I have just got a note from the landlady." "What does she say?" "She says that I must pay my back board at once, or her daughter will sue me for breach of promise. I'm thinking what I'd better do."

"Tom, why did you not marry Miss Green?" "Oh, she had a sort of hesitancy in her speech, and so I left her." "A hesitancy in her speech! I never heard that before. Are you not mistaken?" "No, not at all, for when I asked her if she would have me she kinder hesitated to say yes, and she hesitated so long that I cut out for another gal."

Brown: "You ask me to lend you five dollars; why don't you go across the street to the bank and ask them to lend it to you? Lending money is their business." Jones: "But they don't know me." Brown: "All the more chance of your getting it, then." Jones: "Why?" Brown: "Because no one who did know you would lend you a dime."

He had taken her to hear Patti at $7 a seat, and afterward to Delmonico's, where the two together ate up $9.75 worth. As he reached for his hat later that same night, she said: "I am sorry, Mr. Sampson, if my refusal will cause you pain. I esteem you highly as an escort, and in that capacity I still always be a sister to you, but your wife I cannot be. You are too extravagant."

The way of writing modern romances:—Albert rode with the speed of an arrow to the garden, sprang like the wind from his steed, climbed like a squirrel over the hedge, writhed like a snake through the palings, flew like a hawk to the arbor, crept up to her all unseen, threw himself passionately at her feet, swore frantically that he would shoot himself; was, however, immediately heard, seated himself in blessed delight at her side, sank on her bosom, swam in a sea of bliss, and this—this—sy, all this was the work of a second!

Recent Book Issues.

"Aunt Hepsy's Foundling," a novel, by Mrs. Leith Adams, tells a thoroughly interesting story with force and spirit. The plot is excellent, and in its stronger aspects possesses a dramatic intensity of color that takes a firm hold on the attention of the reader. The characterization is good, and the style is easy and natural. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., this city.

Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren's story, "Lights and Shadows of a Life," which appeared as a serial in the *Brooklyn Magazine*, has been published in book form. The author, somewhat late in her novel, attempts to show the prejudice that prevails in this country against miscegenation, and she evidently believes that this "invincible antagonism" is providential. The story aside from this "motif," is an effort to portray life in the South before the war, experiences at a fashionable boarding-school in Philadelphia, and other phases of existence with which the author is familiar. The book will please those who are fond of romantic incident. Ticknor & Co., Boston, publishers. Received from Porter & Coates, this city.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Here we have *The Quiver* for June and the rest barely out of the ground. It is a good number, and has for its opening article a paper by Lady John Manners, giving instances she has known of long and honorable domestic service. *The Quiver* has instituted an "Order of Honorable Service," whose members are awarded Bibles or medals, according to the years of their faithfulness to one family. "By the Waters of Babylon" is the title of a new serial which opens well. There are short stories and poems, religious papers, and Bible lessons. Among others is an article on "Travelers Aids and Friendlies," from which our Young Women's Christian Associations, admirable though they be, might take some hints. Cassell & Co., New York.

The *Magazine of Art* for June has for its frontispiece a photogravure after Mr. Frank Dicksee's "The Symbol," a graceful and picturesque composition. The opening article is on Mr. Dicksee, who is one of the most popular as well as the youngest member of the Royal Academy. An interesting article follows on "Pictures in Enamel," giving illustrations of course of the more famous ones. The lively article of the number is in the series called "Glimpses of Artist Life." This gives us the Royal Academy Banquet. A paper on "Russian Bronzes" gives some fine specimens of spirited work. There is an attractive description with pencil of that fine old English place, Hardwick Hall, with its picture gallery, filled with portraits, by Holbein, Van Dyck, Sir Joshua and others. The art notes are particularly full this month, as there have been an unusual number of important exhibitions and a great stir generally in the art world. Cassell & Co., New York.

In the May *Century*, under the title of "Finding Pharoah," Mr. Edward L. Wilson gives the story of the discovery of the mummy of Rameses II., and John A. Paine follows with a monograph, on "Pharoah, the Oppressor, and his Daughter in the light of the Monuments." Clarence Cook gives us "A Glimpse of Washington Irving at Home," and Karl Blind supplies "Personal Recollections of Louis Blanc." The instalment of Messrs. Hay and Nicolay's "Life of Abraham Lincoln," deals with the border conflict, and General W. S. Rosecrans describes "The Campaign for Chattanooga." Frank R. Stockton's novel "The One Hundredth Man" is continued, and Octave Thanet contributes "Whitsun Harp, Regulator," a short story of remarkable power and picturesquely treated. Among the poets of the number are Sarah M. B. Piatt, Frances Hodgson Burnett and Robert Burns Wilson. The illustrations of the number are artistically executed. The Century Co., New York.

We have a copy of the last bound volume of that magnificent publication *The Century Magazine*. The average edition of each of the six numbers it contains (November, '86, to April '87, inclusive) has been 28,000 in excess of the edition of the same numbers of the year preceding. It is almost unnecessary to speak of the excellence and beauty of this work, as in matter and illustrations it is conceded to be the finest in the world. In all its departments it ranks as the best. During the coming volume, which will end with October of this year, the concluding papers in the war series will be printed, bringing the war down to its close. After this some supplementary articles will appear on the hospital service, the telegraph corps, etc., etc. The main part of the war interest will be transferred to "Abraham Lincoln; a History," the chapters of which printed in the volume just closed serve as an introduction. Professor Atwater's articles on food, now appearing in the magazine, will also be continued. The relative values of food materials, the adaptation of the diet to the demands of the body, the waste of health and material through ignorance—all these, in his hands, become channels for new and surprising knowledge. The summer numbers of *The Century* will likewise, in addition to other features, contain illustrated articles appropriate to the season—on American wild flowers, birds, vacation journeys, college regattas, etc., together with a number of illustrated short stories. Price, $3, for the bound half-yearly volume.

A Mare's Nest.

BY S. A. L.

THE Club was entertaining the Professor, who had just returned from Germany, and was generally believed to have brought thence a fine collection of brand new theories.

He meekly sat down to dinner at the right hand of the president; and awestruck we watched him when, having put on his heavy gold-rimmed spectacles, he began to examine the bill-of-fare as curiously as if it had been a fossil.

We knew, from previous experience, that he would not wax brilliant until after the champagne had gone around; yet a great silence fell upon us when a servant asked him, "clear soup or artichoke, sir?" for it was an education in miniature to hear such a distinguished man as the Professor—the world-famed discoverer of the rhyming microbe—utter even a single word.

He answered "clear," and my neighbor, Sykes, who came next, and who, I am persuaded, had, until that moment, intended to say "artichoke," said "clear" too.

"You return a bachelor?" asked the president smiling.

It was the Professor's sore point.

"I trust, sir," he said severely, "that I shall never so forget myself as to change my condition. I have always been opposed to marriage. I am now more firmly opposed to it than ever. My friend, Doctor Pretorius of the University of Greifswald, has lately demonstrated, by a series of the most convincing experiments, that there is to be found in the skin, hair, and clothes of every human being a characteristic oleaginous essence, contact with which may be very harmful to a more highly developed organization. How can a man, who proposes to make the best use of his faculties, marry, when by so doing he necessarily exposes himself to the influences of a creature who is mentally and physically his inferior?"

"That is a very interesting discovery," commented the president. "May we hope that ere you leave us to-night you will give us a fuller description of it?"

"I shall be most pleased to do so," returned the Professor; and he leisurely swallowed his first spoonful of soup. We watched him much as farm-yard chickens watch a turkey.

Suddenly he started and dropped his spoon. Then he removed his spectacles, wiped the glasses carefully, and having replaced them, gazed intently into his soup-plate.

After a minute's examination, he picked up a second spoon, and with it he fished out of his soup a hair.

"What have I exposed myself to?" he gasped.

"I hope that nothing serious is the matter!" exclaimed the president quite anxiously.

"Oh! As yet I cannot tell," responded the Professor, with emotion; "but I must not rest until I know the worst. Tell me—the club's cook—is it a he or a she?"

"A he," replied the president; and we all laid down our spoons and breathed hard.

"But," demanded the Professor, "there are kitchen maids and scullery maids?"

"Undoubtedly," said the president.

"There is danger—grave danger," continued the Professor, gloomily. "Perhaps already some syren of the area has woven her spells around me. Can it have been intentional? I must probe this terrible affair to the bottom."

"But it is only a hair," said the president soothingly.

"Only a hair! And do you not remember, sir, what I told you just now concerning the discovery of Doctor Pretorius? Do you not realize that I may be already contaminated—poisoned? Ugh!"

We dared not attempt to offer consolation. We could only sit in horrified silence while the Professor placed the hair on clean plate, and ordered it to be preserved for future examination.

Even the champagne did not restore his equanimity; and we were all glad when, dinner ended, cigars were passed around, and the president said—

"Now, sir, you will confer a favor on us if you will tell us something more about Doctor Pretorius's astonishing discovery."

The Professor groaned, called for the plate, which he put on the table in front of him, and spoke as follows:

"As I have said, there exists in or on the skin and hair of every human being an oleaginous essential principle, which is peculiar to, and characteristic of, the individual. You must be conscious that every person has his peculiar odour, pleasant or otherwise. If you do not realize it, go and open someone's wardrobe, cupboards and drawers. No two human odours are alike. They arise from the oleaginous essence of the person; and that essential oil is very difficult to get rid of, and very potent in its effects upon other people. You may collect it in various ways. Take a hair, for instance, and immerse it in some liquid in which animal fats are soluble. All the characteristics of the original possessor of that hair will infuse themselves into the liquid. You may make the extract as strong as you please; but strength, alas, is not necessary. Then, in homœopathic doses, you may administer the characteristic essence—or, I should perhaps call it, the essence of character—as a drug. The result will be that you will, as it were, convey to the patient a certain portion of the character of the person from whom you have derived your essence. Talk of a love potion! Here we have something more powerful than any love potion of which old dabblers in the black art ever dreamed. You may make of a man not only a lover, but a thief, a forger, a murderer, a fanatic, or a hero, as you will. You understand now why I regarded with genuine consternation the presence of that hair in my soup. Whose hair is it? Whose vile characteristics may I not have unwittingly assimilated? Have I contracted the base affections and the ignoble weaknesses of a scullion or a cook-maid?"

Many of us asked questions about Dr. Pretorius's discovery, and expressed our heartfelt sympathy with the unfortunate Professor.

"I know of no antidote," he said, despairingly, when the subject had been well threshed out; "but at least it will be some satisfaction if I can find out whose intrusive hair this is. Let us first examine it. There is, I believe, a microscope in your library. When we can describe the hair, we shall be in a position to interrogate the people in the kitchen, and, if necessary, to pass them all in review."

Sykes brought in the microscope and placed it before the Professor, who at once began his examination. "A strong, coarse hair," he murmured, sadly; "one that has evidently grown upon a gross being of low and brutish organization. My heart fails me. Probably my poisoner is, as I feared, a scullery maid. But the hair is short for that of a woman. It comes, possibly, from the cook, whose brains have naturally been addled by continual propinquity to fire. At any rate, I must be the sufferer. Oh! that your cook were a Darwin or a Newton! I think that I might be able to set my mind at rest if I saw the cook."

"May I look at the hair?" asked the president, with commiseration. "I fancy that I shall recognise it if be one of the cook's." The Professor mournfully sent round the microscope, and we sat silent and sympathetic.

"Will you," said the president at length, "oblige me, Professor, with a hair of your own, so that I may have a good standard whereby to measure the coarseness of this wretched kill-joy?" The Professor wearily complied, and the president adjusted the two specimens side by side in the field of the instrument. He was a celebrated microscopist, and we anxiously awaited the verdict. Suddenly he looked up and smiled. "They are both your own!" he said.

The Professor did not fulfil our expectations by heaving a sigh of relief. Instead, he rose, rather abruptly, and bade us good-night.

AN EGYPTIAN FUNERAL.

A funeral in Egypt is indeed a strange sight, and the first one the visitor sees astonishes him very much. At the head of the procession march a corporate body of the blind and a certain number of men, who proceed at a quick step, singing a most jubilant air, while swinging themselves from right to left.

Behind them comes the funeral car, or rather a sort of bier, bearing a great red shawl, in which the body is deposited. At the extremity of the bier, on a perch, is placed the turban or the tarbouche of the defunct.

Two men carry this bier. They follow with such high spirits the movement of the head of the cortege, that the corpse, rocking in every direction, seems to jump under the shawl that shrouds it.

The women bring up the rear, some on asses, some on foot. The first row is formed of weepers, or rather screamers, who send forth toward heaven at each step the shrillest notes. The weepers hold in their hand a handkerchief, with which they are not solicitous of wiping their eyes perfectly dry, but which they pull by the two ends behind their head with a gesture that would be desperate were it not droll.

On arrival at the cemetery they take the corpse from the bier to cast it, such as it is, into the grave. The grand funerals, however, take place with much more solemnity.

An important personage is hardly dead in Egypt before his friends and acquaintances hurry to the house; during one or two days they eat and drink at the expense of the dead, or rather his heirs, indulging in the noisiest demonstrations.

When the hour of interment arrives a scene of the wildest character is produced. The slaves and women of the household throw themselves on the corpse and feign a determination to hinder it from passing the threshold. The lugubrious tragedy is played conscientiously; they snatch away the coffin; they belay each other with blows, and the most violent and frightful clamor is heard.

At last the procession leaves the house and repairs to the cemetery, preceded by camels loaded with victuals, which are distributed to the poor hurrying along the road in crowds.

All along the road the mourners and friends of the family fight for the honor of bearing the bier for an instant, and thus it passes, or rather bounds, from hand to hand amid the most frightful disorder.

The interment ended, everyone returns to the house of the dead to recommence the festivities, dancing, and the mortuary demonstration.

"YESTERDAY," remarks a territorial editor whom a Dakota paper quotes, "we were again married. It will be remembered that both of our former wives eloped with the foreman of the office. To avoid a future inconvenience of the kind we have this time married a lady who is herself a compositor."

THE BLIND SCULPTOR.—We should think that it was quite impossible for a blind man ever to become a sculptor, and learn to carve out images of men and animals from wood and stone without ever being able to see them. But perseverance accomplished even this in the case of a blind sculptor of Switzerland.

This man was attacked with the small-pox when he was only five years old. It left him entirely blind. Before losing his sight he had often played with those little figures which the Swiss people make, and had even tried to handle a knife and form some himself. When his sight was gone he often thought about those images. Then he would take them in his hands, and feel them again and again, and turn them over in every way till he was able, by degrees, to tell exactly by the touch the size and proportion of the figure. Then he began to think whether he could not supply his loss of sight by the sense of touch.

His father and mother were both dead, and, finding himself alone and poor, he resolved to try to support himself by his own exertions. Taking a piece of wood and a knife he began work. His first attempts gave him much trouble. Often he would destroy, by a single notch made too deep, a piece of work on which he had spent long days of labor. Such difficulties would have discouraged most persons, but the blind man persevered.

After many trials he at length succeeded in using his tools with a steady hand; and so carefully would he examine each fold of the drapery, one after another, and the shape of each limb, that he came, as it were, to see by means of his fingers the figure he was trying to copy.

Thus he went on by degrees till he reached what seemed a wonderful perfection; for he was able to engrave from memory the features of a face over which he had passed his hand, and to make one exactly like it. In his lifetime he sculptured many hundred figures. He was happy and contented with his lot, and his works remain as monuments of the triumph of perseverance over difficulties.

PRAYING BY MACHINERY.—I saw (writes a recent traveler) prayer-barrels on the borders of Thibet. When pursuing the narrow paths which wind along the face of majestic, precipitous Himalayan crags, we met native travelers from still farther north—traders driving flocks of laden goats, women with quaint head-dresses of lumps of amber, and large, coarse turquoises fastened on bands of dirty cloth, and here and there a man holding in his hand a small brass or bronze cylinder which he twirled mechanically all the time he was journeying. It was some time before I succeeded in getting hold of one of these for a closer examination, as the owners are nervously afraid to trust their treasures in the hands of one who, albeit in ignorance, might irreverently turn them the wrong way, and so undo much of their merit acquired by perpetual turning in the opposite direction. For, as we eventually discovered, not only is the sacred six syllabled charm embossed on the metal cylinder, but the same mystic words were written over and over again on long strips of papyrus, which are bound round and round the spindle on which the cylinder rotates, and one end of which forms the handle. It is, therefore, necessary to turn this little prayer-barrel in such a direction that the characters forming the holy phrase may pass in proper order, and as all Oriental books are read from the right of the page to the left, the barrel is turned in the same direction. For the same reason the Thibetan walks in this direction round the great terraces and other buildings on which the holy words are inscribed. Happily this produces a double satisfactory result, for in Eastern lands it has ever been accounted lucky and meritorious to walk around sacred objects in this sunwise course—an act of homage to the sun which I have seen rendered in other lands.

A MARKET FOR WIVES.—A remarkable custom exists among the Roumanians living between Austria and Turkey in Europe. Every year, at the feast of the Apostles Peter and Paul, a market is held on the crest of the Gaina, from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, and there all the marriageable girls of the entire district assemble with their parents in order to be viewed and claimed. Mothers, aunts, grandmothers, and various other female friends contribute to the dowry, and, this completed, it is carried to the market on the Gaina, in neatly made trunks, decorated with flowers, and carried by the family's best horses. Cattle, bees, and other household requisites are also added to the dowry.

On the Gaina every family which has a marriageable daughter occupies a distinct tent, in which the dowry is exhibited, and in which the bride-viewers are expected. The bachelors, too, are accompanied by parents or relatives, in whose company they inspect the girls who are eligible. The young men bring the best they possess, and each, most particularly, comes with a girdle of gold or silver.

After the brides are chosen, the public betrothal takes place, being conducted by a hermit who lives in this lonely spot. The mark of betrothal is not a ring, but a beautiful embroidered handkerchief. The betrothal is in many cases prearranged; but the ceremony must be gone through with all the same. If a girl goes to the market, knowing beforehand that an admirer will be there to claim her, so much the better for her. Still she must take her dowry and occupy her tent and place herself on view like the rest.

Humorous.

BUT YET A WOMAN.

With all her faults I love her still—
Who wouldn't?
The trouble is that, wait until
The pretty dear had talked her fill,
You couldn't.

Her nimble tongue you'll always find
A-going.
She's always prompt to speak her mind,
And sharper than the keen March wind
That's blowing.

She talks and talks the livelong day
Till night comes;
And when she goes to sleep, they say,
She keeps on in the same old way
Till light comes.

With all her faults I love her still—
Who wouldn't?
The trouble is that, wait until
The pretty dear had talked her fill,
Job couldn't!

—W. H. HILLS.

Old as the hills—The valleys.

Something new in stockings — A cork leg.

The three "R's"—We are, you are, they are.

The best wine after a long voyage—Port.

The wind is always blowing about something.

A tug is the only thing that has it tows behind.

Why is marriage no uneven game?—Because it is a tie.

Working like a horse—A lawyer drawing up a conveyance.

It is meet and drink that is depriving many a family of food.

If seven days make one week, how many days will make one strong?

Why can you never say an omnibus is empty?—Because U and I are always in it.

The umpire must expect to be criticized until he can fix it so that both clubs can win.

When Eve made her debut there was no other woman to ask, "What did she have on?"

What's in a name?—"Y. M. C. A." in an Ohio town stands for "Young Men's Cockfighting Association."

Why is a small boy learning the alphabet like a postage stamp?—Because he often gets stuck on a letter.

Here is a conundrum three centuries old: After Adam had eaten the forbidden fruit, did he stand or sit down?—Neither; he fell.

A convict with a ball and chain attachment gave as an excuse for not taking a summer vacation that he was too closely tied to business.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. Sniftkins, energetically; "I don't believe in the extension of woman's suffrage at all. She suffers enough now."

Wife: "I don't see why women should not make as good swimmers as men." Husband: "But, you see, a swimmer has to keep his mouth shut!"

A woman doesn't know half as much about voting as a man does about rocking a cradle, yet there are more women who want to vote than men who want to rock cradles.

"Johnny, I have discovered that you have taken more sugar than I gave you." "Yes, grandma; I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."

A talented lady, who lectured before a Brooklyn literary society, speaking of Job and his patience, remarked that all her sympathies went out to Mrs. Job, who had to make the poultices.

A New York man rushed down Broadway the other day, cutting his throat as he ran. The demands of business upon a man's time nowadays leave him little leisure for the social amenities of life.

"Sam," observed the magistrate, "have you hooked any chickens and geese lately?" "No, sah," replied Sam, promptly. But when he got home he threw down a bundle and remarked: "Ef he'd a said duck, Dinah, he'd a had me."

"What makes Mr. Pottleton so unpopular, I wonder? He's a good-looking young man and quite intelligent." "Yes; but he writes poetry." "Well, that isn't a crime against society, is it?" "No; but he insists on reading it to you, too."

"The times are hard, my dear," said a man to his better half, "and I find it very difficult to keep my nose above water." "You could easily keep your nose above water," returned the lady, "if you didn't so often keep it above brandy-and-water."

A Scotchman, having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him, that he might help himself. His master said to him: "Sandy, you take a long time to breakfast." "In truth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size lasna sae soon eaten as ye may think."

A commercial traveler, wishing to take a rise out of a clergyman who was in the same car with him, asked him if had ever heard that in Paris, as often as a cleric was hanged a donkey was hanged at the same time. The victim of the joke replied, in his blandest manner: "Well, then, let us both be thankful that we are not in Paris."

A stormy discussion ensues, during which a gentleman rises to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically over the excited disputants, he begins: "Gentleman, all I want is c[om]mon sense——" "Exactly," interrupts one crowd; "that is precisely what you do want side of discussion is lost in a burst of laughter. tain, and

"A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE."—It is said that this saying originates as follows:—A young student of Naples, believing himself dying, and fearing that the news of his death would break the heart of his widowed mother, who passionately loved him, after much reflection adopted the following device: He wrote to his mother, telling her that he was ill, and that a soothsayer had foretold that he could not recover until he had worn a shirt made by a woman who had no trouble—in fact, was perfectly happy and contented. The widow, in her simplicity, thought that attaining such a garment was an easy task, but, after inquiries among her friends, found that each had a secret care. At last she heard from several sources of a lady surrounded by every comfort, and possessing a husband who seemed to think of nothing but making her happy. The old lady hastened to her, and made known her wish. The lady made no reply, but took her visitor into an adjoining closet, where she was horror-struck at beholding a skeleton suspended from a beam. "For twenty years have I been married," said the lady. "I was forced to marry my husband while loving another. Shortly after my wedding, my former lover came one evening to bid me farewell forever. My husband surprised us while together, and instantly stabbed him, whom he unjustly suspected, to the heart. He then caused the skeleton to be preserved, and every day he makes me visit it!" The widow concluded that no one was without trouble, and, as her son had desired, she became reconciled to the idea of his loss. Every one has his troubles—"there is a skeleton in every house!"

TRY IT.—Here is a study in pronunciation:—Comely Diana had a voice like a calliope; yet, although it was not enervated by laryngitis, she was not a virago. She wore a stomacher set with jewels that gave an interesting idea of her father's finances. There was no aqualor in their vicinage. She sought to inveigle her charity coadjutor into an hymeneal association without tedious delay. She sent him her miniature, a jessamine flower, and an invitation to a dinner of anchovies. He was a coadjutant in the church. He had a cadaver-like complexion, and in a joust he had been boughed. Taking some almonds as a bridal gift, he mounted a dromedary with the epizootic, and hastened, without digression, along Pall Mall. The guests were sitting on a divan, with no prescience of evil. The diocesan was waiting, having finished an absolutory service. When suddenly above the clangor of the wedding bells was heard a maniacal shriek. The bridegroom had pierced his carotid arteries with a carbine, on hearing that a deficit in his church collections had been discovered. He was cremated.

A LEGAL ROBBERY.—A quick and ready wit is an almost indispensable endowment in a good cross-examining counsel, but the quickest and readiest sometimes finds his match. A very smart, though a very insolent, retort was once made to a magistrate by an impecunious-looking fellow, upon whom a somewhat heavy fine had been imposed for drunkenness. From the appearance of the culprit everybody in court probably expected that he would have to go to prison; but to the surprise of all, the delinquent displayed a pocket full of money, and sullenly began to count out the amount of the fine, whereupon the magistrate proceeded to remonstrate with him on his recklessness in going about the streets in a state of drunkenness with such a sum of money about him. "It was a wonder," remarked the judge, "that he had not been robbed."

"It's mighty little difference I can see," replied the culprit, "between being robbed in the street and being robbed here."

"I SHAN'T be with you a great while, Jane," said Mr. Meiter. "I shan't stay here a great while." "Oh, George, how can you talk so?" said Mrs. Meiter, with a lugubrious expression of face. "Because," said he, "I feel as if I was most gone, and that I am just passing away like a cloud before the rising sun." Mr. Meiter verified his prophecy the next day by running away with a buxom and sympathising feminine neighbor.

GONE OUT OF THE BUSINESS.—Judd and Jamin were quarrelling and had called each other liars, when Jones, wanting to act the part of peacemaker, remonstrates—"Oh, come, gentlemen! come! You are both wrong. Now shake hands, and——"

Judd: "So I lie when I call Jamin a liar?"

Jamin: "And I am telling a lie when I assert that Judd is a liar, am I?"

Jones (much discomfited): "I—I—didn't make myself quite clear. I mean you are both right."

Chorus by Judd and Jamin in a threatening tone: "So we are both liars, are we?"

Jones is no longer in the peacemaking business.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
WILL HELP
ANY WOMAN
Suffering from Kidney Disease or from troubles peculiar to her sex.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It has stood the test of twenty years in relieving periodical pain, promoting regularity of seasons, and banishing weakness, backache and consequent nervous distress.

Probably no other woman in the world receives so many "letters of thanks" as Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. B——— of Enfield, N. H., says: "I will simply say that your Vegetable Compound is all you recommend it to be. *It has done me Worlds of good.*" Another lady writes from Ottawa as follows: "I have just to-day bought the seventh bottle of your Vegetable Compound, have used two boxes of Pills and several packages of your Sanative Wash, and think it but right to tell you how much good I derived from your medicines. *They are a regular God-send.* All the pains and aches have almost disappeared, my stomach is much stronger too and I feel myself improved every way."

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PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS Perfectly restore the Hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address or call on F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

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IF YOU ARE
A SENSIBLE WOMAN
AND BELIEVE THAT
Health, Comfort, and Beauty
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BUY
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CORDED CORSET WAISTS
Beautifully made of HEAVY MATERIALS throughout.
THOUSANDS SOW IN USE.
☞ Be sure your Corset is stamped "GOOD SENSE."
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A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self-addressed envelope to REV. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City.*

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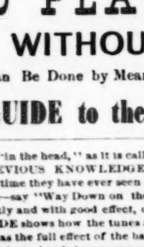
LAIRD'S
WHITE LILAC SOAP



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It will *immediately* obliterate all such imperfections and is perfectly harmless.

It has been chemically analysed by the Board of Health of New York City, and pronounced entirely free from any material injurious to the health or skin.

Price, 75 Cents Per Bottle.

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The new and exquisite Toilet Soap which for perfect Purity and Permanency of Delicate fragrance is unequalled for either Toilet or Nursery use. No materials unless carefully selected and absolutely pure ever enter into its manufacture, hence this Soap is perfectly reliable for use in the Nursery and unrivalled for general Toilet use.

LAIRD'S WHITE LILAC TOILET SOAP is *refreshing* and *soothing* to the skin, leaving it beautifully *clear soft* and *smooth*.

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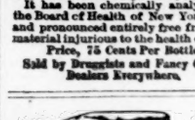

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WITHOUT STUDY!
This Can Be Done by Means of the
INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

There is not as a rule any sudden relinquishment of one set of fashions for another; even in chapeaux the change is gradual, and we therefore find that the capotes for late spring wear are only a little lighter than those worn in February, although, of course, such ornaments as fur and wintry plumes of feathers are quite given up.

Capotes continue to be extremely small; the crown just covers the top of the head; the brim is either turned up in a low diadem, or else it lies flat on the head like a Beguin cap.

The trimming is in front, and rises in pyramidal shape above the forehead, but is not, in the most elegant models, of exaggerated height. Velvet is in great favor for stylish capotes, which are composed partly of this material and partly of lace; a thick silk guipure or embroidered lace, in a shade of beige between ecru and coffee color, is that generally adopted. Heliotrope and shades of old pink are still fashionable, and combine well with this colored lace.

In trimmings velvet flowers and foliage, most beautifully made, carry off the palm. Both large and small flowers are made of velvet, either in subdued natural colors, or in a new and pale shade of chaudron. Balls composed of pointed closed petals, and flowers of strange shape, are preferred to more ordinary blossoms, and many of these are in lovely old pink shades, with a downy bloom on them like that on a ripe peach. The new velvet flowers are, in fact, a decided acquisition in bonnet trimmings.

Straw chapeaux, in plain and mixed colors, and plaited in ridges or in fancy patterns, are likely to be much worn; a pretty spring model is in ridged heliotrope straw, with strings of heliotrope satin ribbon coming from the crown, and a trimming consisting of a pleating of black lace and large upright bouquet of shaded satin violets rising in front.

Straw capotes and hats are also trimmed with bows of ribbon or lace pleatings, forming a background to a bouquet of small fairy-like velvet tulips in a variety of natural colors, mixed with light foliage or grasses.

Another very useful model that can be worn with a variety of dresses is in black tulle; the crown is bouillonne in rows divided by fine jet beads; the narrow brim, resting cap-like on the head, is of fine black straw lace studded with cut jet beads. In front is a pleated drapery of chaudron silk guipure and velvet ball flowers to match; the strings of velvet ribbon, with a picot edge, are tied in a small bow under the chin. This model is also pretty trimmed with pink silk lace and pink chrysanthemums.

Straw hats, especially those made of fancy straw plaits in mixed colors, are fashionable, and are chiefly trimmed with ribbon, always with a picot edge, a small plume of feathers being sometimes added. High-crowned shapes prevail, and the ribbon is arranged in bows at the foot and top of the crown connected by folded straps of the same. Some of the new hats have the crown of fine straw, and the turned-up brim lined with coarse or fancy straw in the same shade.

The velvet flowers employed with capotes are also used in trimming hats, but to a much smaller extent, and many stylish models are of velvet trimmed with guipure lace.

Nothing very new in the shape of mantles is to be seen hitherto; the new models are variations on the mantelet shapes that are too elegant and becoming to be lightly relinquished.

Mantelets, with long square or pointed ends, are made in velvet, in silken fabrics, and in plain and broche woollens; the beaded ornaments are the chief feature of the new models, and these are extremely handsome. Many take the form of a plain yoke, others have the yoke divided in tabs ending in tassels or pendants, and raised rolls covered with bead-work take the place of a flat epaulet on the shoulder.

Whenever the figure and age of the wearer will permit it, a walking costume, which can be worn without a mantle, is adopted for morning wear, shopping, and for walking generally.

The redingote polonaise is undoubtedly the chief favorite for this style of costume, and many are the good examples of these walking toilettes that Parisian couturieres are daily turning out of their ateliers. Two, or even three, materials are often used for one costume, as in the following instance. The shirt, which is plain and moderately full, is of light-brown faille chequered with cross-bars of dark-brown plush. Over the front of this is a long, full tunic of plain faille, mounted in pleats at the waist, and falling in long, straight folds on the right side; on the left side the edge is turned under, and the tunic is caught up with a few folds about the level of the knee. The brown plush redingote covers the sides and the back of the skirt, the centre part being slightly puffed at the top. The fronts are open to the chest over a pleated faille chemisette, and then cross over the left side, which is underneath, forms the point, and ends in a square tab, fastened with large silver buttons on to the skirt at the hip. Similar buttons are used for fastening the redingote in front and for ornamenting the sleeves.

This is only one type of the fashionable garment; there are, of course, many others, such as that we give below, for instance. In this costume the redingote is merely a pointed corsage, to which are added plain black breadths of the same material, dark heliotrope plush, mounted just below the waist in fluted pleats, which are allowed to fall naturally to the edge. The pleated skirt and draperies completing the custume are of broche silk, in a rather lighter shade of heliotrope than the plush, and the corsage opens over a narrow white waistcoat.

The place that is occupied by the redingote in outdoor custumes is taken by the draped polonaise in indoor dresses. As the season advances polonaises will become more and more general, and many new ways of making them will be introduced. At present the majority are made to open in front over a pointed plastron, the pleated or gathered draperies from the shoulders meeting in a point at the waist like bretelles.

No special style of draping prevails, the taste of the modiste steps in here, and she drapes the skirt in the manner she considers most becoming to the figure of the client.

The mode is also adopted for many of the evening toilettes made for young ladies; a very pretty model is in cream gauze and bengaline.

The silk foundation skirt is covered with a series of gauze flounces about seven inches wide, and mounted in gathers with a narrow heading.

The polonaise is of bengaline, open from the shoulders in a long point front and back over a full chemisette of gauze cut in a discreetly rounded low neck at the top, and drawn in at intervals by bands of dark-red ribbon velvet run through the casings. The elbow sleeves are also of gauze, drawn in with red velvet, and falling in a loose double frill or puff over the elbow. The corsage is joined on the shoulders by velvet bows, and bows also ornament the sleeves.

The front of the polonaise forms a long tablier falling in three points from the left hip a little to the right of the centre; each point is embroidered in a large palm pattern with dark-red silk and gold threads, and similar embroidery ornaments the corsage of the shoulders.

On the left side the polonaise ends in a pointed panier drapery, connected with the tablier under a long sash bow of dark-red ribbon velvet; the back breadths fall in straight folds on the left, and are caught up in a rounded puffed drapery on the right, covering the pleats that drape the tablier on the side.

Attempts are being made to bring into vogue purer and brighter colors than the heliotrope, old pinks, Luciolle blues and faded violets that have been so long in vogue, hence we find toilettes in such colors as emerald green, rose-pink, pure sky-blue, real mauve, not an attenuated heliotrope, and genuine gold color. Ribbon is employed in great profusion, especially on young ladies' evening dresses. Shoulder knots, rosettes, and long ladder-like trimmings of bows and loops may be noted on all the pretty, fresh-looking toilettes for debutantes, flowers and floral ornaments being at present quite in the back-ground.

Odds and Ends.

OF HOUSE MATTERS AND PERSONAL.

There is much difference of opinion among household authorities as to the proper method of sweeping and garnishing a room. Whether windows shall be opened or closed during the cleaning process is one of the mooted questions.

A simple and satisfactory way is to cover all the articles of furniture with cotton cloths or sheets kept for the purpose. Whatever may be lifted conviently should be taken out of the room to facilitate matters.

With a long-handled feather duster remove all the dust from walls and pictures, having left a window open from the top so that the dust dislodged by the duster may pass out. If there be a carpet on the floor, sweep it carefully with a straw broom that has been dampened, but which will shed no drops of water. In this way the minimum of dust will be set free in the air.

In corners where the broom will not reach use a damp whisk-brush, kept for the purpose. Put all the dust and stuff in a bucket or coal scuttle, that it may be burned as soon as possible.

After the room is swept throw open all the windows, and when the dust remaining has settled carefully remove the covers from the furniture and shake them out of the windows. Then cover the articles in the next room to be swept.

If the floors are polished, all the rugs should be removed before the walls are dusted, and the floor should be swept with a hair broom and then wiped with a damp, not wet, cloth. For dusting use a soft cloth, slightly damp, so that it will collect instead of disperse "misplaced matter." Flirting dust from one object to another may be dusting, but it is not cleansing.

A fine bristle brush should be employed to remove dust from carved wood. Window sashes are too often neglected by the average domestic, they should be carefully dusted and a linen cloth should be employed to rub of the glass, which collects as readily as any piece of furniture.

In a room where there are draperies these should be dusted before as well as after the sweeping, and they should then be carefully pinned, not tied, up some distance from the floor.

For lace curtains a rather stiff hair brush will be found admirable for dislodging any dust that may have collected. It is an unwise practice to sweep all the rooms before beginning to dust.

Put one room in order at a time, and thus avoid the confusion that must otherwise be entailed by weekly thorough sweeping.

If a new broom be immersed in boiling water until it is quite cold, and then thoroughly dried in the air, it will be far more pleasant to use and will last much longer. Frequent moistening of the broom is conducive to its usefulness and also to the carpets.

One can scarcely be too careful in handling and placing strong or poisonous liquids. There are two or three volatile liquids used in families which are particularly dangerous, and must be employed, if at all, with special care.

Benzine, ether and strong ammonia constitute this class of agents. The two first named liquids are employed in cleaning gloves and other wearing apparel, and in removing oil stains from carpets, curtains, etc.

The liquids are highly volatile, and flash into vapor as soon as the cork of the phial containing them is removed. Their vapors are very combustible, and will inflame at long distances from ignited candles or gas flames, and consequently they should never be used in the evening, when the house is lighted.

Explosions of a very dangerous nature will occur if the vapor of these liquids is permitted to escape into the room in considerable quantity.

In view of the great hazard in handling these liquids, cautious housekeepers will not allow them to be brought into their dwellings, and this course is commendable.

As regards ammonia, or water of ammonia, it is very powerful agent, especially the stronger kinds sold by druggists.

An accident in its use has recently come under our notice, in which a young lady lost her life from taking a few drops through mistake. Breathing the gas, under certain circumstances, causes serious harm to the lungs and membranes of the mouth and nose. It is an agent much used at this time for cleansing purposes, and it is unobjectionable if proper care is used in its employment. The phials holding it should be kept apart from others, containing the medicine, etc., and rubber stoppers to the phials should be used.

Oxalic acid is considerably employed in families for cleansing brass and copper utensils. This substance is highly poisonous, and must be kept and used with great caution. In crystalline structure it closely resembles sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, and therefore frequent mistakes are made and lives lost.

Every agent that goes into families among inexperienced persons should be kept in a safe placed labelled properly, and used with great care.

OLD garments that may be utilized in a hundred ways for rugs, lining cushions and the like, are sometimes rendered worthless because, [illegible] longer fit for wear, they are cut to pieces, brushed and put away. The

Confidential Correspondents.

SARAH. — "Kudos" is a Greek word sometimes used in English. As a substantive it means glory, renown, fame, or credit.

W. J.—A male child born abroad of American parents is eligible to the Presidency, a man must be a native of the United States and at least 35 years old.

FORTE.—Envelopes were first made for the use of the French Government in Louis Philippe's reign; they came into use in the United States after the passage of the Postage act of 1845; they have never been patented.

G. WILK.—We know nothing of the company you mention; but we have no hesitation in laying it down as a general principle that it is decidedly unwise to have dealings with any firm that require a remittance as a condition of furnishing employment.

NAT.—Since the doctor has examined your ear, and pronounced the deafness incurable, you must either abide by his opinion or seek another. It is not often that both ears are affected through sympathy, so the chances are in favor of your retaining the use of the other one.

A. B. M.—Several have written to say the same thing. The mistake arises from your using former editions of the Bible. The word Easter does not occur in the New Testament. The only place where it was mentioned in the King James version has been altered in the revised version.

MARK.—It is merely a congenital mark or growth. The popular belief is that moles are caused by the longing of the mother during her pregnancy for some particular object, such as a lobster, a strawberry, and that the influence of her mind has impressed upon the fœtus a more or less vivid image of the thing she longed for.

ROSE.—It is quite usual for a girl of nineteen not to have a lover. Most girls of nineteen, we are inclined to say, are but imperfectly supplied with that ornamental adjunct. At your age you need not give way to black despondency. Life is short, but not so short as all that would seem to imply. Wait patiently, we beg of you, and lovers enough in time will spy your blossom.

M. E. B.—We do not believe any gold pieces were coined by the Confederate States. Possibly if you were to write to the American Numismatical Society, of this city, giving full description of the piece or enclosing a rubbing thereof, you might ascertain what it is. To get a rubbing, put a piece of paper firmly on the coin and rub with the blunt end of a lead pencil until you get a fair copy of the raised parts of the two sides.

DEBATE.—We cannot say. Some believe that Burns' poetry will outlive Byron's, because it more truly expresses those fundamental affections of the human heart which are common to all mankind. Other critics think that Byron's poetry will outlive that of every other British poet except Chaucer's, Spencer's, Shakspeare's, and Milton's. It is obvious that time alone can settle such a question.

G. H.—Yes; we understand Washington was a Mason. It is not so very long ago that at a Masonic celebration in Virginia the Grand Master wore the apron which formerly belonged to General Washington, the said apron having been presented to him years before by General Lafayette. This apron had the flags of France and the United States combined, beautifully wrought upon it in silver and gold, forming by their combination the principal Masonic emblems.

H. E. P.—It would be much better to open communication with your old lover through some friend whom you may have in common with him, than to write to him. You would certainly be making an advance in writing, and while nothing attracts a man to a woman so much as to find that she takes an interest in him, nothing repels a man so much as to think that a woman is pursuing him. If there is no indirect way in which you can communicate with your friend, and you should decide to write, your letter should merely tell him that you wished to know, for the sake of old times, how he had prospered.

J. H. W.—Yes. The whole world is full of petrified insects, small animals, shell-fish, flowers, wood, etc. Any good work on geology will give you all the information you want. There are islands in the ocean entirely made up of the petrified bodies of the coral insect, and trilobites, encrinites, etc., are to be found in abundance in the commonest geological collections. We do not assert that petrified lions, horses, men, etc., have been found, or that they exist in the different strata of the earth, but only those productions nature chose to use for petrifactive purposes in the past. Such cases as are reported in medical works and some treatises on natural history, where the so-called petrified bodies of people long buried, have been discovered, are not contradictions of this statement. In these instances there is no real petrifaction, that is—turning into stone. The flesh merely becomes hard, approaching very soft soapstone in feel and consistency.

N. T.—The so-called electrical theory of the universe is still in process of development, and has not yet come into such a stage of completion as to enable its advocates to present it satisfactorily to scientific men at large. It assumes that the sun is a non-luminous body (like our earth) to its own inhabitants, if it has any. The earth, looked upon from any of the other planets, would look as bright as the other planets do to us, although our globe, as seen with our own eyes, does not exhibit any luminosity. The advocates of the electrical theory assume that the sun, planets, and stars, are all vast magnets, which give off currents of the electricity, and that these currents, when they strike the atmosphere surrounding any orb, occasion light and heat there, in that atmosphere. Before these electrical currents impinge on an atmosphere, they are invisible, just as the current of electricity generated by a dynamo, and running along a wire, is invisible till it comes in contact with something which causes it to break out into light. A great many facts have been collated in support of the electrical theory. Among them is the well-known fact that the nearer one gets to the sun, either by ascending mountains or going up a balloon, the less powerful heat and light become, which is held to be on indication that they are not generated at the sun, but in our own atmosphere, and hence are greatest nearest the surface of our earth, where the atmosphere in which they are generated is the most dense. Although the electrical theory of the universe is not generally accepted by scientific men, [illegible] is an almost unanimous belief among them that [illegible] this [illegible] ocity is the medium through which the great-[illegible] likeness of nature will probably be unveiled in